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MING-KWONG, CITY OF THE MORNING LIGHT

By MARY NINDE GAMEWELL.

The United Foreign Mission Study Course.

CHAPTER THREE THE HARVEST.

(With Additional Material.)

By Mrs. J. P. White, Cedarville, Ohio.

THE CHINESE WOMAN.

TWELVE years have passed since we studied in "China's New Day" about the "Chinese Woman". Today we come back to her. An old teacher of mathematics was asked "Do you not grow tired of teaching the same old subject year after year?" "The subject" he replied is old, "but the pupils are new." Our lesson may seem repetition to the older members, but we remember that there are hundreds, yes thousands of new members to whom this subject will be entirely new.

Naturally it is difficult to correctly interpret the Chinese woman. There are in China as in other lands, various classes of women. What is true of one class, might not be true of another. What is true of the old-fashioned Chinese woman is certainly not true of the modern new woman of China. Of the latter we shall speak later.

If we go back to the early writings of the Chinese, we find occasional "honorable mention" of women in general. Among the old literature, there are many biographies of women, which would indicate that throughout their history there have always been strong outstanding women. There are many passages in the ancient writings, however which indicate a general sentiment against the womanhood of the land.

Confucius said "It is a law of nature, that woman should be kept under control of man and not allowed any will of her own. In the other world, the condition of affairs, is exactly the same, for the same laws govern there as here." To be sure these sentiments have always been common in every non-Christian country.

There has always been a distinction between sons and daughters. In one of the classical "Odes", which was written twenty-seven hundred years ago, this thought is expressed:

"When a son is born—in a lordly
 bed
Wrap him in raiment of purple
 and red;
Jewels and gold for playthings
 bring
For the noble boy who shall serve
 the king

When a girl is born—in coarse
cloth wound
With a tile for a toy let her lie on
the ground
In her bread and her beer be her
praise and her blame
And let her not sully her parent's
good name"

"Eighteen goddess-like daughters are not equal to one son with a limp," is a Chinese proverb, though the fortune tellers, who allot happiness to families, fix the ratio of five sons to two daughters If the proportion is wrong, the mother is blamed. So great is her disappointment, that she too often yields to the cruel demands of friends to dispose of the girl.

Old China regarded women as incapable of learning. Therefore no effort was made for their education. Another reason for denying girls this opportunity was economic. The practical Chinese father felt that it would be a great waste to spend money on a daughter who would soon be gone into another family. "He feels as Dr. Arthur H. Smith picturesquely puts it that it would be like putting a gold chain around the neck of some one else's puppy which may at any moment be whistled off, and then what will have become of the chain'"?

A custom that has been practiced since the time missionaries first knew anything of China, and no doubt from a much earlier date, is the selling of little girls. Helpless orphans, and unwanted girls, are sold as slaves. Dr. Ida Kahn, herself a Chinese woman, writing a few years ago said "Slavery exists in China and that to an appalling extent. The rich people regard slave girls as indispensable as so many pieces of furniture." It does not follow that every slave girl is abused but enough stories filter out to the world to prove that many suffer untold cruelties.

Other girls are sold into lives of shame, which means complete wreckage, physical, moral and spiritual.

Footbinding among the higher classes of Chinese women has for centuries entailed tremendous suffering, loss of vitality and reduced efficiency. We think of this as a relic of bygone days. In the cities, in the schools, in business and among the "new women" the bound foot has passed. But we must remember that *there are two hundred million women in China.* In the interior cities and villages the old-fashioned custom prevails, and still multitudes of little girls, lie sobbing on beds of pain in the process of producing the coveted "lily feet"

The Chinese girl of the old order, has no deciding voice in her marriage. For that matter neither does the young man have a voice. The parents make arrangements through a "go-between". The Chinese Odes say:

"How do we proceed to split
firewood?
Without an ax it cannot be done.
How do we proceed to take a wife?
Without a go-between it cannot be
done".

This method which is so business-like, is not wholly lacking in sentiment. At least one poet has opened his heart to the public when he writes these words:

"With axle creaking all on fire I
went
To fetch my young and lovely bride.
No thirst or hunger pangs my
bosom rent—
I only longed to have her by my
side.
I feast with her, whose virtue fame
has told

Nor need we friends our rapture to
behold

* * * *

I praise her while we feast and to
her say
The love I bear you ne'er will know
decay".

Let us hope that at least a few girls have really known the love and honor and respect of a true man. For the average girl we know that these sentiments are foreign to her thinking. Instead of becoming as the poet goes on to say "the sweet bride, the comfort of my home" she goes to become the servant of her mother-in-law. A missionary in Hangchow attempted to investigate a specific case of domestic trouble. A young married woman became ill of an incurable disease. She was working in a factory, earning money for the family purse. Some days, because of her weakness she was able to earn very little. When she brought a very small amount of money home the mother-in-law gave her a brutal beating. The missionary sought advice as to some means of helping the poor little girl. This was what he found: "The law does not make a girl stay with her cruel mother-in-law but it does make her stay with her husband. If the husband is unwilling to leave his mother and set up a separate house, then his wife can only eat bitterness. The husband can exhort his mother to treat his wife kindly, but the mother has power to command the son to do as she wishes and he must treat her with respectful obedience".

GRADUATION DAY AT A GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL—THE NEW WOMAN.

Courtesy Chinese Lanterns.

Divorce is not common and girls who know of no relief for their unbearable situations find refuge in death. Dr. Arthur H. Smith says: "Every year thousands upon thousands of Chinese wives commit suicide, tens of thousands of other people are involved thereby in serious trouble, hundreds of thousands of yet others are dragged in as copartners in the difficulty and millions of dollars are expended in extravagant funerals, and ruinous lawsuits. And all this is the outcome of the Confucian theory that a wife has no rights which a husband is bound to respect''.

Even though the Chinese woman has been suppressed and repressed and oppressed, even though she has been handicapped in her development she has not been utterly crushed. She has not lost her spirit and here and there, one rises above her sisters and reveals a strength of character that is amazing.

Isabella Bird Bishop, who made a deep study of the women of the Orient said: "Of all women of the Orient, I love the Chinese women best; they have so much character and are so womanly". The Deputation of the American Board made this report: "The modesty, strength and reserve of the Chinese women have impressed us profoundly''.

Perhaps the most powerful woman of the last century, or maybe. of any century was a Chinese. Tsu Hsi was a concubine of the Emperor. Gradually she gained power until she became the Empress Dowager, ruling one fourth of the people of the world. Though her methods were often cruel her shrewdness cunning ability and power were never excelled by any man who ever sat on the throne. Had her life been touched by the teachings of Christ, her influence for good would have been immeasureable.

CHINA'S CHANGED WOMAN.

In a book "The Changing Chinese" written by Prof. Ross in 1912 there are many interesting suggestions concerning the great upheavels going on in that old land. The author calls attention to the slow-moving events of past centuries, how it took two hundred and eighty years for Christianity to win tolerance in Rome; how it took one hundred and twenty years for Luther's principles to establish the Protestant Reformation; how it took one hundred and fifteen years after the discovery of America to create enough interest and courage to establish an English colony here. No one in those times comprehended the full meaning of these great events. "But nowadays." he says "world processes are telescoped and history is made at aviation speed. The exciting part of the transformation of China will take place in our time. In forty years there will be telephones and moving-picture shows and appendicitis and sanitation and baseball nines and bachelor maids in every one of the thirteen hundred *hsien* districts of the empire. The renaissance of a quarter of the human family is occurring before our eyes and we have only to sit in the parquet and watch the stage.''

The professor writing these words just twelve years ago, did not forsee one important improvement. China has even gone ahead of his prophecy. Chinese gentlemen of the old school who know all the "classics" and the "odes" sit with "head-pieces" clasped over their ears "listening in" to the wonderful messages floating through the air.

China's political upheaval has attracted the attention of the whole world. The industrial and educational revolutions have suprised the people themselves. But deeper than all of these, has been an inner revolution of the thoughts of the Chinese. No one phase is more marked than the changed status of women. A traveler on the Shanghai-Peking railway may sit near a Chinese girl of the very advanced type. She may have bobbed hair, rouged cheeks, painted lips. She will wear silk hose and a wrist watch. Or if she is of an extreme type she will be carrying a cigarette case and be talking about the bets she made on the races. She believes herself to be the most up-to-date creature in the land. But she is not the typical "new woman" of China. There *is* a new woman, who is a distinct gain. This new woman loves her country, she wants to help her country. She is an eager student and is informed on the questions that pertain to China's welfare.

After the early opposition to girls education had subsided, and a demonstration had been made of the quality of the female mind, parents became willing to send daughters to school. The girls themselves were anxious to go. Today there are multitudes who wish to go, who are hindered by poverty. But even with the limited number who can go, there are not school accommodations for them. The goverment schools are co-educational from the primary grades up. Mission schools have the boys and girls under separate instruction. The expense of higher education is so great that comparatively few of the girls who enter the primary grades ever enter college. Yet there are some who reach this coveted goal. Several hundred Chinese girls are studying abroad. At the present time there two hundred Chinese girls in various colleges and universities in the United States. The first who came were brought by missionaries that they might be trained for special work in connection with missionary work. Later girls took a competitive examination for scholarships from the Indemnity Fund. Still others are here entirely at their own expense. All of them are eager to prepare themselves for serving their own country. The burden of the

BAADY WELFARE WORK AT A COMMUNITY SOCIAL CENTRE HINGHAU, FUKIEN PROVINCE.

Courtesy Ming—Kwong.

hearts of Christian women is, How can these girls be brought into vital relationship with Jesus Christ?

An entirely new phase of Chinese girl life was manifested last year when twenty happy college girls traveled to Japan to compete in the Far Eastern tennis championships. In student movements girls show as great enthusiasm and interest as boys and sometimes show far more wisdom.

In professional life, medicine has appealed to Chinese girls. Several years ago outstanding Christian women, blazed the way and many have followed their trail. Leading women are giving themselves unselfishly to all kinds of reform work. They have led in the anti-footbinding crusade. They have fought opium, liquor and prostitution. They have carried out great campaigns of sanitation and industrial reforms.

Women are taking up various kinds of work undreamed of a few years ago. "One Chinese woman covered the Paris Peace Conference as a reporter for certain Canton newspapers. There are said to be more than forty factories in Canton owned and operated by women. A woman is clerk of the Cantonese Parliament and edits the 'Parliamentary Record.' On the Canton-Shamshui railway women act as secretaries, ticket collectors, and inspectors. Leave progressive Canton and in Shanghai you find a woman as manager of the Ladies Saving Department of the Shanghai Commercial and Savings Bank. You will find a group of women promoting a woman's bank in Peking. Make your way far inland to Nangchung, capital of the province of Kiangsi, and you find a woman owning and operating the city's electric light and telephone plant.

A Woman's Suffrage Association has been formed and has announced this platform:

1. For the purpose of protecting woman's rights, all the articles in the constitution partial to men should be abolished.

2. In order to secure economic independence for women, the limiting of inheritance rights to men should be abolished.

3. In demanding equality of opportunity in education, the old system of giving women a limited education adapted only to domestic affairs should be abolished.

Another organization called The Woman's Right League, sets forth its demands in the following articles:

1. All educational institutions shall be open to women.

2. Women shall have the same constitutional rights as men.

3. The relation between man and wife, parents and children, rights of inheritance, property and conduct laws shall be based upon the principles of equality.

4. Marriage laws based upon equality between men and women shall be enacted.

5. For the protection of girls the "age of consent" shall be incorporated in the criminal law, and a law shall be enacted whereby the taking of concubines shall be considered as bigamy.

6. Licensed prostitution, the slave trade, and foot-binding shall be prohibited.

7 Protective labor legislation based upon the principle of "equal pay for equal work" and "protection of motherhood" shall be enacted.

What a change has been wrought within a few years. Hardly more than a generation ago, Christian missionaries were begging girls to come to school. They were urging and coaxing women to become helpers. Even though there was a government decree which read: "No Chinese female shall enter the Christian chapels, nor foreign women propagate the doctrine" there were some brave spirits who defied edicts and customs and stepped out into a new life of service. Mr. Paul Hutchison in referring to these pioneers says: "The old-fashioned Bible woman, with her cheap clothes, her lack of education, and her limited outlook, may not have seemed to some a romantic figure, but she was the pioneer in whose footsteps walk all the emancipated women of modern China."

Christianity opened the way for China's women. May Christianity lead on.

A TRAIL BREAKER—DR. HU KING ENG

DOCTOR HU KING ENG

Dr. Hu King Eng was a second generation Christian. Away back in the early years of the Church in China, a young man became a follower of Jesus. His brother, Hu Yong Mi was enraged that one of the honorable family should have brought disgrace upon them all. He stormed and scolded and threatened. He tried to get his father to send the brother away from the home, but somehow the changed life of the elder brother won him to a new love.

In time Hu Yong Mi, became a disciple also, and later became a Christain minister. He brought all his splendid talents and dedicated them to Christ. His wife, who had been reared in a home of wealth and culture, showed equal devotion and together they went forth to proclaim the "Good News" to their fellowmen.

Into this home was born a daughter, King Eng, which is Chinese for "Precious Peace". A few short years passed and the time came, according to custom for binding the feet. The mother, with natural mother pride desired to have her daughter appear as charming as any child, and she felt that it was absolutely necessary to begin the process. Pastor Hu Yong Mi said "Not so". "This child must have natural feet". What followed was almost a quarrel. Not a single girl in all their section of China had natural feet. How the mother shrank from the notoriety that would follow. When King Eng grew older, she became self conscious. Her playmates teased her and shouted "feet" whenever she passed.

The persecution was too great to be borne. Once when the father was away for an extended trip, King Eng and her mother seized the golden opportunity for developing the "lily feet". When father came home he ordered the feet unbound and explained with loving care the necessity of taking a firm stand against this great evil. King Eng was silenced but not convinced. A little later a visit of several days duration in the home of a relative gave opportunity for another trial. The aunt was indeed shocked at the enormous feet of the little girl and she proceeded to bind them properly. When King Eng returned home with aching feet, she had to be supported as she walked, but she had a happy heart for she felt that she was victor at last. This time her mother took matters in hand. The bandages were removed and burned and the unhappy child rebelled against the ill fortune that made her a minister's daughter. It was many years later that she realized her good fortune and thanked her parents for their firm stand.

DR. MARY STONE (left)
DR. IDA KAHN (right)

King Eng was educated in the Boarding school at Foochow. She was passionately fond of music and begged to be taught how to play. Finally a missionary agreed to instruct her and in a short time she became a very proficient performer. This first little "trail" was followed by many other Chinese girls, and music soon became an established part of the school curriculum.

King Eng wanted to do something for China and she decided to become a nurse. Dr. Trask, the missionary in charge of the Foochow Hospital soon discovered that this was a girl of a different type from any that she had trained. She proposed that King Eng become a physician. The idea appealed to her. Here was an opportunity of making the largest possible investment of life. What difficulties beset her! She went to her father. He said "This is a question which you must decide for yourself". She was only eighteen years of age. There were no medical colleges in China. She would have to leave home and spend ten years in America. Chinese girls had never left home except for marriage. If she should go, the neighbors would consider her lacking in filial piety. Could she endure the lonliness? Could she pay the price?

On the other hand, there was the appalling need of the Chinese women and a wide open door for service.

Application had been made to the mission board at home, and while King Eng was fighting her battle, the Board was giving careful consideration to this new proposition of bringing a Chinese girl to America for special education. There were big problems to settle on both sides of the world just then. Finally King Eng said: "I'll wait until I hear from America. If the cable says 'Come', I'll take that as the final answer. If it does not say 'Come' I shall conclude that I am to remain here". Within a short time the cable said "Come" and King Eng set her face, with unflinching courage, toward her new life.

King Eng believed herself to be the first Chinese girl to come to America, but when she arrived, she found that two others, Mary Stone and Ida Khan had come just a little while before, brought by missionaries, to be given a medical education.

Ohio Weslyan University at Delaware Ohio, was chosen as the training school for the little stranger. King Eng set herself first of all to study the English language. Her progress was rapid and the next year she entered college for a four year course. The next step was to enter the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia. In her eagerness to master every lesson. King Eng overtasked her strength and was ordered back to China for a year's rest. The disappointment she suffered in this break in her work was overcome by the home instinct . How lonely she had been in these six years of separation and how eagerly she longed to see the dear home faces!

The home folks were a bit uneasy about her. Would she be changed? Would she be spoiled by the kindness and attention she had received in America? Would she be proud and arrogant because of her fine education? Would she look down on the ignorant people of the town? There was no need for fear. King Eng was unspoiled by her wonderful experiences. She was the same sweet sunny, helpful girl that she had always been. She found upon her return that her father was almost an invalid. To him she gave her skilled attention, nursing him back to comparative health. Every day she visited the hospital, lending a hand wherever necessary.

At the end of the year King Eng returned to the United States, entering the medical college in 1892 and graduating in 1894. At once she was appointed Surgeon's Assistant in the Philadelphia Polyclinic, where she served one year. In 1895 she turned her face toward home.

King Eng was appointed assistant to Dr. Lyon who was now head of the hospital where she had entered to take a course in nursing years before. Within a short time Dr. Lyon became ill and was compelled to return home, and the little Chinese doctor was given the entire responsibility of the medical work.

This hospital was located three miles outside the city walls, making it very difficult for outpatients to walk the long distance · For some time there had been before the mission, a proposition to build another hospital right in the heart of the city of Foochow. This was done and Hu King Eng was appointed resident physican there.

Patients began to pour in and ask to see the doctor. When the little woman explained that she was the doctor, she was told that they wanted a *foreign* doctor. She bore their rudeness and unreasonableness with patience and gentleness, and directed those who refused her services, to the foreign doctor. Soon King Eng won the confidence of her people. Men who had sneered at her, came to her for treatment. Priests came and even the Chinese doctors. Her first year's record was remarkable. Of the 2,600, cases treated not a single patient died. Year by year her work grew until within ten years she treated 24,000 annually.

Hu King Eng was a true missionary. Her faith in Christ was always manifested in her work. She taught those to whom she ministered, of the Great Physician, and from her lips the sick and suffering learned the story of the redeeming love. Through plague and cholera, through heat and cold Hu King Eng labored for her people.

When she broke under the strain, and had to rest awhile, patients flocked to the hospital, begging just to be allowed to see her, believing that even to touch her would mean health to them.

Hu King Eng blazed a new trail in China. She demonstrated the ability of a Chinese woman and she showed the power and beauty of a life consecrated to the Master.

The more we come to know the Chinese women the more we admire them. We all agree with a friend of China who said: "All who work with the women of the yellow race are enthusiastic over their possibilities. But no testimonials are needed. Their faces are full of character—as fine as the faces of women anywhere. All the railroads that may be built, all the mines that may be opened, all the trade that may be fostered, cannot add half as much to the happiness of the Chinese people as the cultivation of the greatest of their 'undeveloped resources'—their womanhood."

CHINESE RECEIPTS

Perhaps at your meetings refreshments are served, or perhaps at a special meeting a lunch or dinner is served. If you wish something Chinese try one of the following recipes.

Chicken Chow Mien.

Cook chicken until tender. Boil noodles in chicken broth. When ready to serve, put noodles with plenty of broth in bowl and on top pile up the hot chicken which has been cut in pieces convenient to handle with chop-sticks.

In Chinese restaurants the noodles are usually served crisp after being fried in very deep fat. One bowl of chicken and mien' a cup of Chinese tea and some red peppers make a delightful meal.

Chop Soy

1 pound pork, beef or chicken, 10 medium mushrooms, 1 small onion, 1 pound bamboo sprouts, 1 stalk celery, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 2 tablespoons lard, 1 teaspoon sugar. salt to taste.

Cut all ingredients very fine . Put half the lard in kettle and when hot add pork and stir constantly for one minute; then add Soy sauce and cook five minutes. Take another kettle and heat 1 tablespoon of lard. Add the other ingredients in this order; bamboo sprouts, celery, onion, and mushrooms. When thoroughly heated, add meat and cook until done. Add water if necessary, or chicken broth if you have it.

Peanut Puff.

1 pound puffed rice, 2 cups peanuts, 2 cups wheat syrup, 2 cups brown sugar, ½ cup sesamum seeds.

Put sesamum seeds in moderate oven for about five minutes. Cook syrup and sugar together until the mixture makes a stiff ball in cold water. Put the puffed rice, peanuts, sesamum seeds into the syrup and mix thoroughly. Pour out on oiled pan and press evenly. Let stand in cool place about five minutes. Remove from pan and cut in squares.

Salad

Small oranges pulled apart, unbroken, water-lily fashion. Lay on lettuce leaves and heap up center with a foamy whipped cream dressing or marshmallow sauce with nuts.

Imitation "Filial Porridge" Rice pudding with raisins and peanuts.

Ginger cakes cut with a "man" cookie cutter, or other fancy cutter, preserved ginger, crullers, candied apples, preserved fruits of any kind, fresh fruits, such as oranges, peaches, pears, dates, bananas, pineapple are all appropiate. Among nuts, almonds, chestnuts, walnuts and peanuts are all "Chinesey.

These receipts are taken from "Chinese Ginger". They were written by Mrs. W. S. Adams a missionary from China. The ingenuity of the cook will have to be depended upon to provide substitutes for the ingredients which are not available.

NATIVE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES AT WORK.

Text Book—ADVENTURES IN BROTHERHOOD

By DOROTHY GILES

A Study of the Home Mission Text Book

CHAPTER II.—NEW HOMES A-BUILDING

(With Additional Material.)

By Mrs. Haidee Ewing Rankin, Burchard, Nebraska.

CONSTANTINO Panunzio has disclosed to us "The Soul of an Immigrant", the soul of himself, an Italian, and, more than that, a South-Italian boy. It is a simple story, frankly told. It relates the experiences of a nineteen year old lad, who through strange incidents, came to America, and who through equally strange circumstances came to adopt America as his own country. He relates the many vicissitudes of his life in this his "Land of Promise"; "how he found his way into an immigrant colony, how he secured his first 'job', how he was ensnared into peonage, how he was robbed and then dragged into prison, how he was lead into unlawful acts, how he freed himself from the grip of unscrupulous people, how he struggled to secure an education, to get naturalized and to fit into American life." He says the real value of the story rests in the fact that it "recounts the struggles of an *average immigrant.*"

In the closing chapter of his book Mr. Panunzio says that he has been in America nineteen years, has grown up here as much as any man can, has received his education here, has become a citizen. " I have given all I had of youthful zeal and energy in serving my adopted country, I have come to love America as I love my life—perhaps more—and yet they still call me a 'foreigner.' Not that I mind it. No, no. For I believe that with a real American a man is a man 'though he comes from the ends of the earth.' I *do mind* it though for the numberless men and women who do not know how to take it philosophically and humorously as I do, and who pass through life in this country under that ugly shadow, ever hanging over their heads, of being 'despised foreigners' all their days."

In a personal letter addressed to American youth Mr. Panunzio says, "I think it is exceedingly difficult for you who are native Americans to conceive of what America really means to us who were born in other lands. Many persons think that we seek America merely for bread and butter. But that is far short of the real fact. To the vast majority of us, America is the country of our ideals, where the best citizens practice the doctrine of the square deal, where good-will, tolerance, orderly living and a chance to develop one's personality to the full, are the foundation stones. This is what America signifies to me * * * But in the actualities of life we often find ourselves, I am sorry to say, subject to all kinds of discriminations, indignities, oppression and maltreatment. We fairly *starve* for the spiritual America. We stare in utter bewilderment and wonder why, when we revere the very idea of America with such intensity and passion, we should be made to suffer so."

How many average immigrants are trying to build homes in America and how many are trying to "fit into" American life! Where are they to be found? Who is my neighbor?

The Old World in the New

The immigrant is everywhere. In "The Churches at Work," Dr. White gives an illustration of our mingled relationships. Perhaps we are blind to these contacts. "Lord, that I might receive my sight."

"On Monday morning a Roumanian ash-man cleaned his cellar and a Pole whitewashed its walls. A Hollander pruned his vines; a German plumber came to stop a leak in the bathroom and this man's helper was a Dane. He remembered his cook was a Swede and the waitress a Norwegian. As he left his home for the office a seamstress entered to help his wife. She was a Belgian, and the man who was painting the front fence was from Switzerland. He left his laundry with a Chinaman. Later he visited his Russian tailor, ordered groceries from a Welshman, meat from a Scotchman, and purchased fish for his dinner next day at a Frenchmen's store. As he waited for an electric car an Italian vegetable man passed while he was talking to an Irish policeman. The next day he bought some hardware from an Armenian and learned his milk-man was a Lapp and his cobbler was a Hungarian. That evening a Philippine bell-boy showed him to a room in a hotel and he learned that among the waiters were Slovaks, Greeks and Servians. The next day he lunched in

Rev. H. R. Sheldon, of the Evangelistic Team of Sheldon and McEwan, preaching at a shop meeting.

Courtesy Christian Herald, N. Y. City.

a Turkish restaurant, engaged a Syrian to mend his rugs and bought two more of an Armenian. In the afternoon he met by accident a college classmate, a Bulgarian, who introduced him to a Montenegrin. That evening he learned that the Austrian consul had rented the house opposite. The following Sunday he met a Cuban Protestant at church, found a Mexican, a Brazilian, a Lithuanian, a Peruvian and a Haitian in a popular Sunday School class of one hundred men. That evening a Japanese merchant and his family attended service and the next day, as chairman of the committee who looked after the repairs of the church, he learned that the Portuguese sexton had died and a Canadian was appointed in his place. The following day the man who washed his windows proved to be a Spaniard, and a Jew wished him a merry Christmas. Soon after this, in an early train, he counted twenty-eight passengers in the car. Four were reading German papers, twelve Jewish, six Italian and he concluded that the only American-born man in the car besides himself was a Negro."

This is an amusing but apt illustration of how all nationalities have become a part of the warp and woof of our national fabric. While millions come into contact with American life, there are yet millions who do not. For instance, what about the million who have comparatively recently stepped over the imaginary line between Mexico and the United States and have "taken our Southwest?" What about the multitudes in our urban colonies, in the rural communities and migrant groups? Signor Pecorini says, "Entire villages have been transplanted from Italy to one New York street, and with the others come the doctor, the grocer, the priest, and the annual celebration of the local patron saint. It would be safe to say that half, perhaps two thirds of our Italian immigration are *under* America, not *of* it. Far from being borne along with our outward life, they drift round and round in a 'little Italy' eddy, or lie motionless in some industrial pocket or crevice at the bottom of our national current. "We have" two million Hebrew immigrants united by strong race consciousness and already ably represented at every level of wealth, power and influence in the United States." Mining, lumbering, harvesting, beet growing, farming—every line of occupation has representatives from our new citizens.

House—Home

One of the most discussed topics in America today is the Home and its relationships, the Home and the School, the Home and the Church, the Home and Politics, the Home and Citizenship, the Home and Americanization. The home is recognized as the real foundation of our national life. As the home, so is America. Is the Christian home of America the ideal home to the immigrant? What opportunity has he to judge? What contact is there? What is being done by America for the home life of the "average immigrant?"

Jacob Riis, the friend of children and mothers, said, "You can kill a baby just as truly with a house as with a hatchet."

About one year ago there was an article in the Literary Digest with this startling head-line: "Wanted—A Million Homes." With the $6,000,000,000 expended in construction work, forty per cent of which was for private dwellings, apartments and hotels, there was yet a shortage of one million homes in the United States. One thing is certain that the 110,000,000 people in the United States are living and making some kind of homes whether they have houses of not. What kind of new homes are a-building? How can Christian standards be attained or retained or propagated under un-Christian conditions? To illustrate—The report of the Bureau of Housing to the Governor of New York signifies limitations that mean poor health and poor morals. How can one be clean with but one outside faucet for whole tenements? How can one be at his best when habitually dirty? How can one be clean with a water and soap shortage? "Sanitary conditions are worse; ventilation is bad, high rents are taking the money that ought to be spent for food for the family and education for the children; there is no place for people to move; houses formerly deserted because unfit for human habitation are being sought, even though they have rooms so dark that gas must be burned all day, poor toilet accomodations, and no heat and no hot water. They have no baths and are fire traps. Finally, there are conditions of almost unbelievable congestion, with, for instance, twelve people in four rooms." Our text affords another illustration. One woman thought two rooms and a half attic too small for her family. Whereupon the landlady said with indignation, "Two small, is it? Sure, I raised nine children and a pig in that house. 'Twas not too small for me." (What did the pig think?)

A children's congregation at an evangeli stic tent in Brooklyn. Thirty-six meetings for children were held in this center with an average attendance of nearly 300.
· Courtesy Christian Herald, N. Y. City.

And even the unfavorableness to home life of such quarters is increased by the presence of boarders to help eke out the rent and necessities of life. Long hours are demanded not only of the people but of the beds for, because of day and night shifts, they are required to do service for twenty-four hours with no respite. What can the home life be? What heart can the mother have? And a people rises no higher than its home life, of which universally the mother is the spirit. How many ideals of this Land of Promise must have been shattered by the weary round, no home, no sunshine, no rest, wan, restless, under-nourished children and boarders, boarders, boarders. "O, the weariness of it!" Perhaps the "gleam" of America has become so dim it cannot be discerned by those striving to "follow."

What a miracle could be wrought with his blessing if but a 'few' Christain American homes might afford contact with "the many." Another illustration. A student in one of our own colleges once said in his yet somewhat broken English, "I am so glad I staid by the college through those eight or nine years. It was hard but during my *last* year I was in a real American home for the first time. I was so glad to know the Americans for when you *know* them they are wonderfully kind. The American home life is beautiful!"

If it takes so long for one under such favorable circumstances to catch a glimpse of an American home, it will take generations of persistent knocking by an immigrant colony. But why are there colonies? Are the immigrants *wholly* to blame? After twelve years of absence from the place in which he first set foot after landing in America, Mr. Panunzio made a visit to the community. During this time he had come into contact with many and varied phases of American life and had "felt something of the high aspirations of a soul which has come to really understand American ideals."

He felt the difficulties, the tremendous difficulties that "on the one hand confront America in her desire and efforts to assimilate immigrant groups; and which, on the other, are in the way of immigrants themselves in their need, and often in their desire, to become an integral part of the body American." He thus describes conditions. "Here was a congestion the like of which I had never before seen. Within the narrow limits of one-half square mile were crowded together 35,000 people, living tier upon tier, huddled together until the very heavens seemed shut out. These narrow alley-like streets of Old Boston were one mass of litter. The air was laden with soot and dirt. Ill odors rose from every direction. Here were no trees no parks worthy the name no play ground other than the filthy streets for the children to play on; no birds to sing their songs; no flowers to waft their perfume; and only small strips of sky to be seen; while around the entire neighborhood like a mighty cordon, a thousand wheels of commercial activity whirred incessantly day and night, making noises that would rack the sturdiest nerves." He asks whether the immigrants are wholly to blame. It seemed to him that every vestige of anything American has been systematically rooted out. Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, and Old North Church and the site of the Boston Tea Party remained but America had disappeared. All American churches, homes, clubs were gone forever, having sought and found more favorable locations and had left this foreign community to work out its own destiny in America. There were churches, Catholic, Jewish and Protestant but not representing Christian America. Children alone used the English language, scarcely could an English newspaper be purchased at a news stand; here was a community in America with not a sign of the best of American life. But worse even, the worst of

EXCLUDED IMMIGRANTS ABOUT TO BE DEPORTED FROM ELLIS ISLAND.

These men and women have come from Europe without any visable means of support; they have come from wrong motives. This picture shows what must occur from close censor, namely, that hundreds are unfit to be admitted to our shores. They are, many of them, candidates for the county poor-house, some are exiled thieves and murderers. They, without any religious experience in their own country bring no convictions for good with them and for the future of America. Many that come should be deported without delay.

This Gospel Automobile is operated by the Evangelistic Committee of New York City and used to reach all parts of the City, averaging nine meetings a day, and carrying the message to more than 150,000 persons in the season.

Courtesy Christian Herald, N .Y. City.

American life had seen here an open door, had entered and was doing business in establishing vicious institutions which received patronage not from the immediate locality but the refuse of other sections of the city "higher up." That there were yearnings unrealized Mr. Panunzio discovered as he stood on a roof one evening for he heard childish voices singing, "Its a long long way to Tiperrary, but my hearts right there" while from another direction came the strains of Santa Lucia and from yet another direction came with sweet childish accent, "O, little town of Bethlehem, How still I see thee lie."

During the great Steel Strike a prominent business man saw the situation and *felt* the cause of the condition: "We have forced a feeling of separation on these people. We needed them for the growth of our industries, we wanted them to come, and we did see them come to us by the hundreds. But we refused to admit them to our civic and social life; we gave them no access to our societies, our schools or our churches. We called them 'undesirable aliens', we forced them to segregate into sections of their own and to organize separate groups in which only their own language was used. First, they organized for the purpose of giving expression to their social. cravings, and then those very groups served as centers of self-defense when we showed antagonism to their segrated life * * * *If we suffer, it is because of what we ourselves left undone in years gone by.*"

The Upward Trend

Progress is made through the monotonous round of daily life. Americanization is a process and is not indicated by complete assimilation but by the steps which indicate progress toward that assimilation. If this be true we should have the eye of faith and the patience of faith to anticipate a marked change in the third or fourth generation, instead of judging by the present generation with which we are so little acquainted. How much we need to know the back ground from which the immigrants come, not only the economic, political and religious but also the physical. These should enter into our judgment of the "upward trend."

Americans look back about three hundred years while the Hungarian, Bulgarian and Bohemian may look back one thousand years to the early history of their people, a history freighted with tragedy, conquest and achievement. They are bound to be effected, even though unconsciously, by their heritages and they bring with them to this land where all men are free and equal intense racial antipathies inherited through the centuries. It is no small thing for the "masterful Maygar" to lay aside his air and policy of superiority over those who have been "alien" to him in his home land. Any admission of equality from him is an indication of an upward trend.

It means more perhaps than we can realize to the Slovak to exchange his "land of wondrous beauty* * * the Czech land, Home-land mine," with its old ruined castles on the mountain sides telling of history and romance, with its brook running through the village, with ever present flowers blooming in the door yards for a tenement house, located in the midst of stock yards or packing plants and to give his free mountain air in exchange for the smoky, heavy atmosphere of factories. Can we wonder that the old folk-song, "Flowery meadows, mountain forests, I shall never see again" brings tears to the lonely stranger in America?

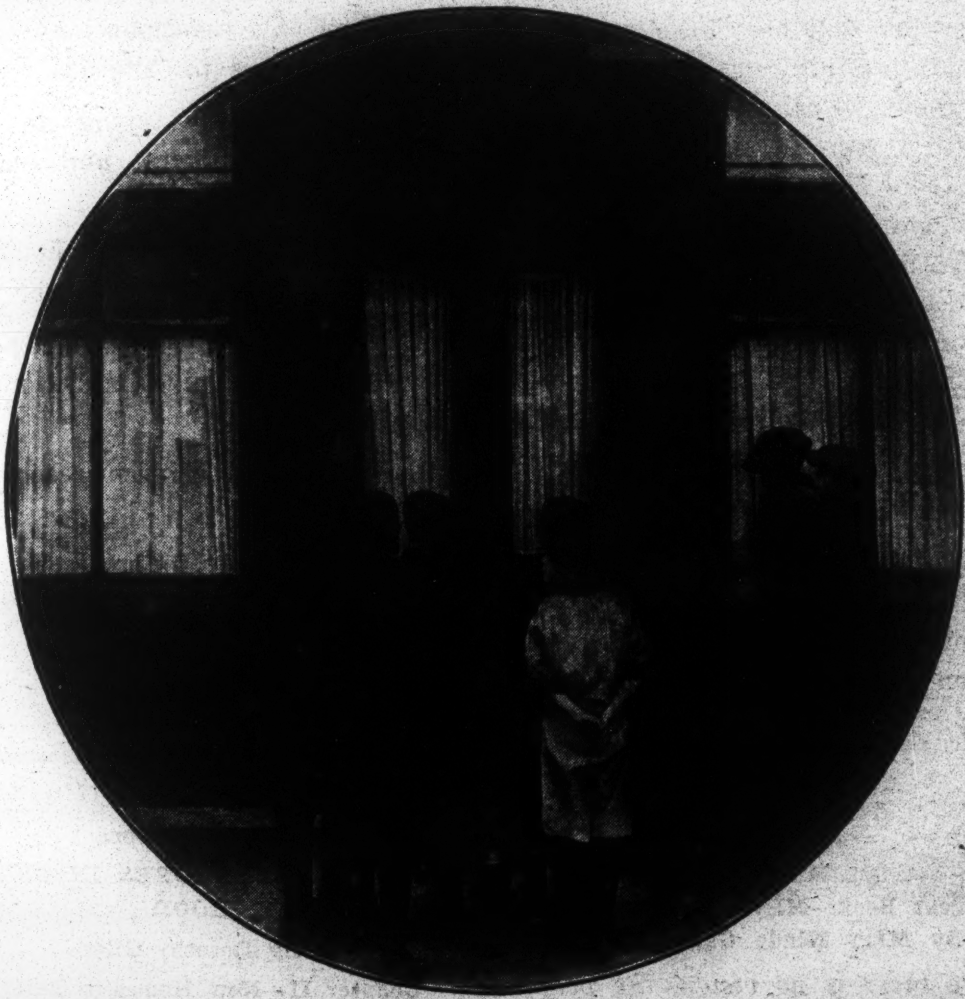
We need, too, to appreciate the barrier of language, for different dialects from the same home land indicate differences in customs, temperaments, traditions and character. So each nationality has its struggle, some winning, some losing in the first generation, more gaining in the second, while the real outcome may not be known until the third or fourth generation.

Consideration should also be given to the religious background in judging the upward trend. Our recent immigrations have been from the lands of the "closed Book," but they bring with them a religion. They give expression to this in their meeting houses and churches. In one mining town there are a Slovak Roman Catholic and a Slovak Lutheran Church, a Lithuanian and Polish Catholic Churches, a Greek Catholic Church and a Greek Orthodox Church. In another locality may be seen a "little old-fashioned, square, red brick Cumberland Presbyterian Church, a great frame Slavonic Catholic Church, a large Greek Catholic Church "with its six bulbous Byzantine domes" and not far away a "splendidly dignified and handsomely wrought Polish Catholic Church." Do immigrants cling to their religion? Listen to the testimony concerning Poles who are "intensely religious and great church builders." "The result of such formal and lifeless religion is that a great many become first religiously luke warm, then indifferent, and finally hostile to religion at large." Again we learn of a great Italian colony in one of our cities, a colony of 90,000 where only three Roman Catholic churches hold regular Italian services and two of these are supported by their Irish and German-American congregations. The colony is honeycombed with atheistic, anarchistic groups, and, more widespread is religious indifference. The religious need is appalling from

A night meeting at one of the evangelistic Committee's. tents If you want to have an important part in spreading this work, send a contribution in care of the Christian Herald.

Courtesy Christian Herald.

every point of view. The churches from which immigrants come have not been forceful in lines of righteousness and progress. "They have no social message and have held out no social hope for the masses." Does this condition mean a downward trend or does it mark an opportunity to produce an upward trend, an opportunity for the Christian church in America? "The Protestant Church in this country may not lift itself up in any sense of splendid superiority. The conditions which exist at the heart of American industry, the terrible limitations under which human toiling life is lived are challenging the reality of our Christian profession* * * A characteristic of the religion of Jesus is its idealism. Its purpose is nothing short of the transforming of society into a kingdom of God, that is, a human brotherhood in which the passionate purpose of each one is unselfishness to serve the best interests of others, the common delight of all being to love and to reverence the one Father." (Shiver)


A Presbyterian Church for Italians which is an outgrowth of the Evangelistic Committee's work.

Courtesy Christian Herald

It is really the children that are the key to the situation. Through them the way to Christian Americanization opens. Theodore Roosevelt said, "No greater work can be done by a philanthropic or religious organization than to stretch a helping hand to the men and women who come here to this country to become citizens and the parents of citizens and therefore to do their part in making for weal or woe the future of our land. If we do not take care of them, if we do not try to uplift them, then as sure as fate our own children will pay the penalty. If we do not see that the immigrant and the children of the immigrant are raised up, most assuredly the result will be that our children and children's children are pulled down. Either they will raise or we shall sink."

ADVENTURES IN BROTHERHOOD

Miss Giles begins this chapter with a very suggestive adventure, the adventure of Mrs. Warren which resulted in the abiding friendship of Mrs. Czerney. Have we found our Mrs. Czerney or our Mrs. Cretelli? The chapter is closed with a familiar motto that is likewise suggestive. "For every American a foreign-born friend."

QUESTIONS

(Answers found in "Adventures in Brotherhood.)

1. How did Mrs. Warren secure the the friendship of Mrs. Czerney?

2. Imagine yourself a foreign-speaking woman visiting your W. M. S. and describe your feelings and thoughts.

3. Imagine a foreign-speaking woman in your W. M. S. and tell how you would show your friendliness to her.

4. Name five benefits the individual immigrant receives on coming to America.

5. Name five contributions that the foreigner brings to America.

6. What makes "trying to be an American" so difficult and discouraging?

7. What relation has housing to public health? Where does the present responsibility lie?

8. Give at least five indications of an "upward trend."

9. How is the Church reaching our new citizenship?

10. Is there a "foreign-born woman within the zone of your Church who has not an American friend? If so, how may she have one, or many?

STUDY FOR THE MONTH.

MARCH

Foreign Missions—China
Text Book—MING KWONG
By Mary Ninde Gamewell.

Where there is no vision, the people perish but he that keepeth the law happy is he. *Proverbs* 29:18

Chapter Three—Subject: The Harvest.
(with additional material)
By Mrs. J. P. White

Scripture Lesson—Ephesians 4: 1-13

Roll Call—Name of a Missionary in China.

TOPICS FOR STUDY

1. The Chinese Woman.
2. A Chinese Trail Breaker.
   —Dr. Nu King Eng.
3. China's Changed Attitude.

Home Missions
Text Book—ADVENTURES IN BROTHERHOOD
By Dorothy Giles
Chapter II—New Homes, a Building
(with additional material)
By Mrs. Haidee Ewing Rankin

Scripture Lesson—Ecc. 8th Chapter.

Roll Call—Characteristics of a real home.

TOPICS FOR STUDY

1. The Old World in the New.
2. Houses Versus Homes.
3. The Upheavel Trend.
4. "For every American a Foreign born friend" "Mrs. Czerney"

A VISIT TO SHOLAPUR-INDIA

BY MARY WILGUS

NOTE—Miss Wilgus has spent a year in India traveling part of the time with Miss Mary J. Campbell World Temperance organizer.—Editor for India.

I CAME to Sholapur expecting it to be a small place and uninteresting save for the missionary friends and mission work I should find there. Instead it is a place of more than one hundred thousand people with large cotton mills and other manufacturing and commercial enterprise, and a veritable gold-mine of interesting things. Miss Campbell and I came on Saturday and were entertained by Miss Fowler of the American Marathi Mission. Miss Fowler has been connected with this mission and this place for more than thirty years and has been instrumental more than any other in bringing it from a mere station where there was one small building to a place where there are several large substantial buildings and a school that starts with the Kindergarten where fifty or sixty little people are gathered together and started on the way of life—and goes up to high school, giving instruction in Marathi, the language of this part of India, and in English. Miss Labaree has charge of the kindergarten department which includes a training school for teachers in kindergarten methods—I believe the only one in this country—and from here go out teachers to near and distant parts of India. The missionaries in every place in which I have seen their work wisely adapt their methods to the life and people and conditions of India and the games I saw in this kindergarten were mainly native games and the children were here trained in the national virtues by means of Christian instruction.

On Saturday evening a "panch" was on the programme and the missionaries were kind enough to say that I might attend. Panch means five. In case of any controversy between Christians that might otherwise lead to the law courts, the missionaries have established a sort of peace tribunal whereby cases can be heard by five representatives—hence the name—chosen by the disputing parties, and settled outside the courts. These five persons are chosen from the missionaries and the most respected and best educated among the Indian Christians. And here it may not be out of place to say that some of the most polished, most refined and most

MISS MARY WILGUS
In the Temple at Karnak, Egypt.

charming people I have ever met are these same educated Indians. The panch was to be held at Miss Fowler's bungalow. Its members arrived and then came the parties to the controversy which with their adherents formed a considerable number. They filed in the men in their turbans, the women with their saris drawn up over their heads, and seated themselves cross-legged in a circle on the floor. Then the session began. I could not understand a word they said, but I could understand them.

These Oriental people fairly explode when they talk and gesticulate fittingly and with energy all the time. When they agreed to a proposition set forth, they would violently shake their heads back and forth from shoulder to shoulder and utter explosively "Hoi, hoi!" Sometimes they would all want to talk at once, but as Mr. Rose, a missionary and one of the five, would lift his hand and say, "Tomba, tomba!," they would subside. As the debate waxed hot, they grew more and more excited, and deprived of other means of expression the more excited ones would take off their turbans and wind their yards and yards again violently about their heads with swift and expert movements, all the while their eyes glowing and their whole bodies suggestive of suppressed volcanic action.

It was nearly midnight when the meeting was over. The panch offered a plan of settlement which found but one dissenter. The case was dismissed unsettled but the members of the panch felt sure that a few hours of reflection—with the assured certainty that the law courts if the case were taken there would eat up their substance—would bring the parties into complete agreement. Rather practical application of scriptural injunction, is it not?

On Sabbath Miss Campbell spoke once in Urdu, once in English, once in Hindustani, the language used being suited to the audience. All were splendid meetings but her most notable one occurred on Monday evening—to be described further on.

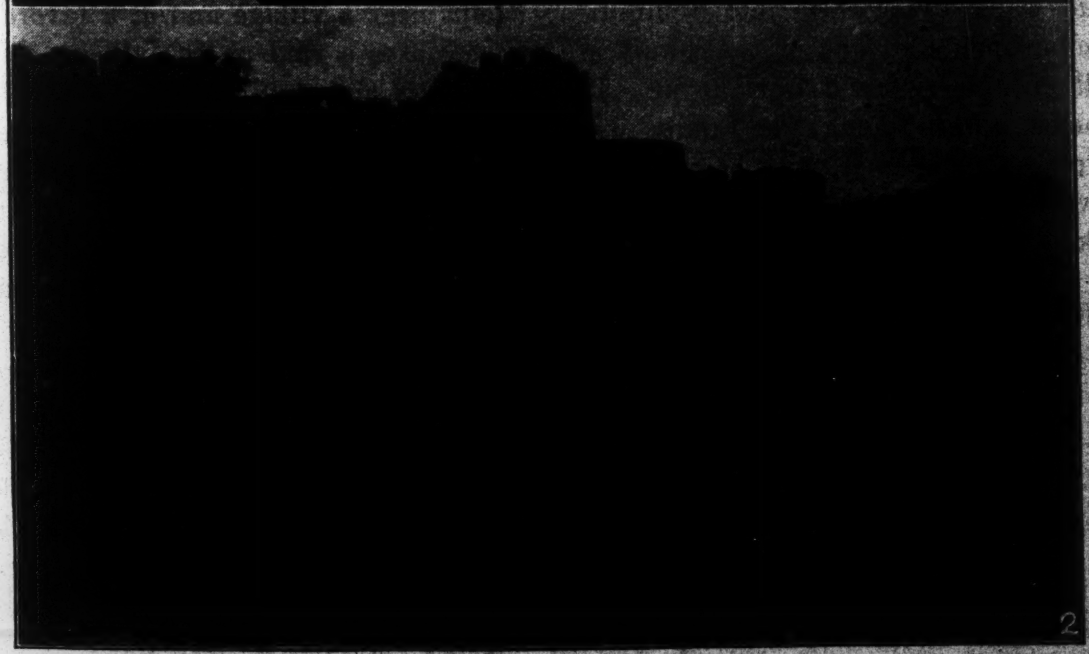
On Monday was Miss Fowler's birthday and I never saw a birthday more beautifully celebrated. Here everybody sleeps out of doors, and in the morning the girls of Miss Fowler's school silently surrounded her bed and wakened her with a song of birthday greetings.

The India people have a beautiful custom of placing long trailing garlands of fragrant flowers around the necks of those they wish to honor. When Miss Fowler entered her school-room she found her chair and desk wreathed with vines and bedecked with flowers. A canopy effect overhead gave the impression that a queen was about to be enthroned before her loyal and loving subjects. She was escorted to her seat, and one after another, pupils and teachers, approached and encircled her with garlands of jasmine, roses and other fragrant flowers of the season. Then another song, composed by one of the Indian teachers, was sung, reciting how every stone and every plank in the great school was an answer to prayer. Then they came with gifts appropriately simple, but rich and rare in the hearts' affection of teachers and girls.

But interesting things were only at the beginning. The missionaries of Sholapur have a "settlement" under their charge. It has two branches which are to be consolidated as soon as conditions make it convenient. I visited both branches and they seemed to me to present the most remarkable field for missionary work I have ever seen. This settlement is composed of criminals.

The government instead of putting those caught and convicted into jail, has turned them over to the missionaries. There are criminal castes in India. All who are born into these castes are born criminals and are painstakingly educated to crime. And there are twenty-eight thousand of them. They have been at once the puzzle and despair of the government. No matter how many were caught there seemed just as many to take their places. To Commissioner Booth Tucker of the Salvation Army belongs the credit of a solution. He proposed the settlement plan which the government adopted and gave him supervision of one or more settlements.

In the settlement at Sholapur there



1. CRIMINAL TRIBES, SHOLAPUR
2. OLD FORT—SHOLAPUR

are six distinct castes or more properly speaking six distinct tribes whose specialities in crime are as definitely recognized and practiced as are any specialties in the business world today. There are those whose specialty is train-robbing and picking pockets. These are a fine looking set of people very neat and clean and easily disguise themselves as Brahmins in which guise they can successfully ply their trade. These Criminals with their families live in a walled enclosure in huts of their own. This settlement contains four thousand people men, women and children and is the largest in India. The different tribes live to themselves in different sections of the enclosure and each section is laid off in streets. The huts differ somewhat according to tribe but present the same general appearance. At first glance they look like grass tents, but closer inspection shows that they have mud walls standing two or two and a half feet in height. The grass thatched roofs sloping at a sharp angle. In some huts mud walls divide them into diminutive compartments. None of these huts are tall enough to stand upright in. The women within doing the family work were squatting to it, with babies nearly always creeping about on the mud floor near them. The doors of the huts are all so small that there is no way for a full sized man to enter one but in reptilian fashion—an eloquent commentary on their need of protecting themselves from one another. Men are incarcerated here for all sorts of crimes—desperate, some of them. One man was pointed out to me as having seventyfive murders to his credit. If the question were put to me as to why he had not been executed, I should be obliged to confess that the information I gatherd did not go so far. Not-with-standing their criminal characters and the fact that they were prisoners the people in this settlement seemed to hold no resentment against their keepers, and were all good natured and obliging. They seemed willing to show everything they possessed of which disposition I made good use. I peeped into the huts of the first tribe and found them beautifully clean and orderly. Bright colored draperies were disposed about the walls and their brass cooking utensils shone with much scouring.

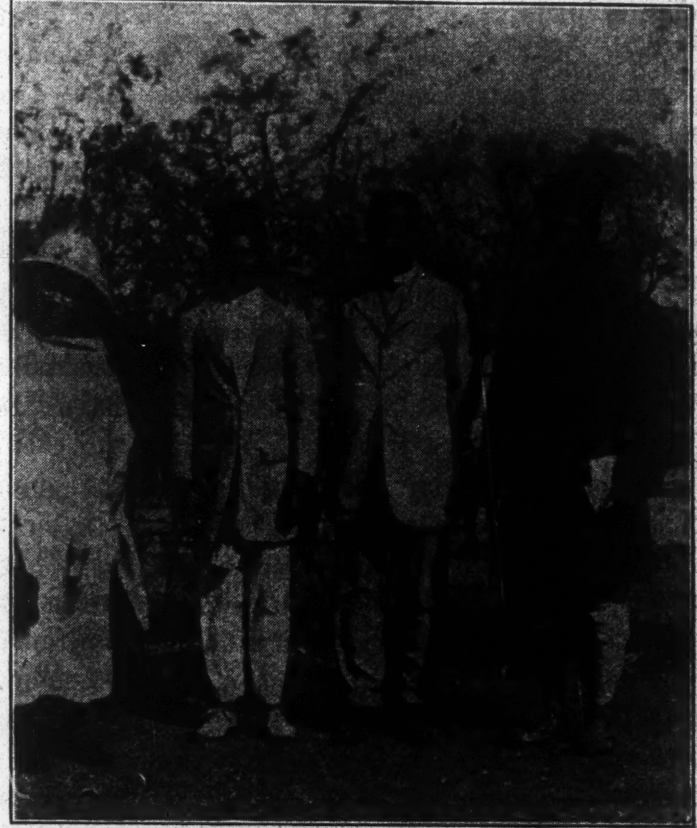
There is the tribe of house-breakers whose name sufficiently designates their field of activities. Then there are the deer-hunters and bird-snarers. They trap the deer and snare the birds and were proud to exhibit their tools of trade. The men set the traps used to entangle the deer and obligingly walk into them to show how they work, and half the women of the tribe turned out to drive some bewildered chickens into the bird nets. Deer-hunting and bird-snaring is only a blind. The tribe camps near a village and at a favorable time makes a raid on the village, seizes the cattle and anything else the village may have that is portable and valuable and makes off with the spoils. These house-breakers and deer-hunters are the opposite in one respect of the train-robbers and pickpockets. These last are very dirty and disorderly and their huts badly kept.

The government instead of overcrowding its jails with these people and maintaining them at great expense allow them to live here, and work in the great cotton mills that are a feature of this place and support their families with their wages. Some of these criminals are excellent workmen, make good wages and live in luxury according to their standards. They can go where they wish in the daytime but must be inside the enclosure by a certain time of night to answer government roll-call, and are then locked up for the night; that is the great gate of the enclosure is locked for the night.

This roll-call is an interesting thing in itself. It takes place at about nine o'clock at night and by lantern light. The government official sits usually on the ground, with his roll-book before him while the men are massed in a dark circle around. As he calls the roll he does not trust to the mere sound of present in answer to the name called, but must thrust his face for inspection into the area of light made by the lantern, and not until the officer is satisfied that the face and name correspond is the man dismissed. It is a Rembrandt picture, the circle of orange light surrounded by five hundred or more dim forms and one forward-bending figure with its face thrust into the copperish glow.

In a fourth tribe the women do the stealing. The men are accomplished jugglers and sleight-of-hand performers. The women go into the bazaars and while the men attract and entertain a crowd of shoppers and bazaar owners, the women steal the goods, a process which is quite after the pattern of American shop-lifting.

In still another tribe the women dance and attract the crowds while the men skilfully extract from them their valuables. The dress of the women of this tribe suits their trade. They wear brilliant colors many ornaments and skirts of lovely soft materials yards and yards around. These women dance with incomparable grace. My guide over the settlement is authority for the statement that they far eclipse the nautch girls of dancing fame. It takes natural fitness and long and severe training to attain to the perfection of grace and skill required by their standards, and they are correspondingly valuable. In these tribes the men *buy* their wives and as these dancing girls command a high price, a prospective husband can never expect to earn honestly money enough to pay for one, and must steal it in order to have a wife The missionaries



CONFERRING ON TEMPERANCE
Mary Campbell, a Mohammedan, a Christian, a Brahmin

in consequence are concerned about reduction in the price of wives.

The last tribe seems strangely to mingle the useful with the criminal. They are the hut-builders and counterfeiters. They are very skilful in producing money difficult to tell from the genuine. They are Mohammedans and as caste rules do not permit of their living with the other five tribes the government must provide them with a separate enclosure.

When these people are not under government restriction, with true caste zeal they are educating their children from their earliest years in the science and art of crime and thus perpetuating an irremediable criminal class, but as it now is, the children and even some of the older ones are being reclaimed. There are forty settlements. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Strutton of the American Marathi Mission are in charge of the largest one of India. Everything is done to bring the tribes under Christian influence. There is evangelistic work and the schools give daily teaching in the Bible and they strive by daily, hourly precept and example to deepen the truths taught from the Bible. The government pays for everything except the evangelistic work. Not only is the moral and spiritual welfare of these tribes ministered to, but their health is looked after as well. The plague was very bad in Sholapur, and it was a wonderful spectacle to see men women and children rounded up in squads for inoculation to render them immune to that great scourge of India.

Miss Hoxie, a Kansas girl has charge of the school and bears the somewhat lengthy title of Lady Superintendent of of the Criminal Tribes Settlement School. There are approximately eleven hundred children enrolled. For boys who work in the mills during the day there is a night session. Although attendence in this school is not compulsory, there are certain advantages and privileges that go with it and the enrollment reaches the astonishing number of two hundred.

The girls of Miss Fowler's school and this school co-operate and together form a girls guide unit and together perform girl guide services. The girls from the settlement came over in the morning for Miss Campbell's address in Miss Fowler's school and listening to what Miss Campbell had to say, organized a W. C. T. U. Society. What influence may not these girls of the settlement have upon their people.

Drinking is a vice prevalent among the tribes. It had been arranged to have Miss Campbell address them in the evening. The meeting was held in the open inside the settlement walls. Two or three suspended lamps furnished all the light there was. Dim forms began to gather in orderly quiet and continued to gather until there had assembled more than five hundred men of the settlement. Come to hear a temperance message. All were seated on the ground and as they listened intently with faces turned upward toward the speaker it was an impressive sight.

At the close of the address so many crowded up to sign the pledge that there was neither time nor table space to serve them all and arrangements had to be made to finish the work the next day.

Before we left Sholapur, a Christain a Brahmin, and a Mohammedan came to consult with Miss Campbell as to the best means, working in unison, to form a temperance society and carry on temperance work.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SUDAN

Mrs. D. S. Oyler, Editor.
American Mission, Doleib Hill, Malakal, Sudan.

CAMPING IN NUER LAND.

By Rev. P. J. Smith

One must give a few days' notice when he goes trekking so that he can have provisions to take with him. There ought to be bread enough baked so that he can take at least two good-sized loaves. Three or four pecks of kaffir corn ought to be pounded for food for the natives that are going along to cook, and to take care of the donkeys. Usually some Anuak or Nuer woman does the pounding, and separates the different grades of the meal. Not every Nuer boy will go along as assistant. They have enemies in some of the villages to be visited, or they may be afraid to travel with us. Often the Nuers will make fun of such boys, calling them "Turks", a term which they apply to all foreigners. Among the provisions taken with us are rice, salt, macaroni, canned goods (including canned milk) dried fruit, roasted peanuts, and a few cooking utensils and dishes, one or two water bags, a cot, bedding and a mosquito net. This year I had a tent along. The provisions are carried on donkey back. I should have had a donkey to ride, but we were short of animals, so I walked. It usually takes at least an hour to pack everything together, put it on the donkeys, and see that the men are ready.

The first day out we started about eleven A. M. We went straight north to places I had never been before, and we walked for twelve miles through forest and swamps, in which the water was up to our hips. This was far from pleasant, as we had not expected to cross swamps. About three o'clock we came to Dalap, and put up our tent. The people always gather as soon as we arrive, and therefore we had our services immediately. Then I had the evening meal prepared, and of course many of the people stayed around and watched every move which was made. At this time we got our beds ready. I had mine put in the tent. I had a net along for the boys, and each slept on a sack with a blanket for covering. Sometimes I succeed in getting the donkeys into the native barns if they are not too crowded. I buy milk from the people whenever I can for salt, wire, empty rifle cartridges, or money, but often they have very little, if any, milk to spare. There were guinea fowls near this place, and I brought down two of these birds. Our fuel was brought in from the nearby forest. When wood is not obtainable we use kaffir corn stalks, or even grass. After the evening meal we had a service of singing, prayers, and a Gospel message, then off to bed. After breakfast, or even before if it is possible, we pack up to go on to the next stopping place.

Our next village was Dingkar. As we were having a service a woman came rushing at me, mumbling something that no one could understand, and she kept staring at me. She soon left in the same manner as she came. I afterwards heard that she was demented, and that she was some kind of a medicine woman.

From this village we went on to Ker, and then to Kwot. Here lived a person I knew, who had gone with me on a former trip. The boy was not at home, but I found his father, who is a big chief. I took this opportunity to become acquainted with him, and had a service in his barn. The audience was large. The chief brought out some native beer for us, and it gave me the opportunity to tell them something of the effects of "kong". However some who were present seemed to insist on drinking it anyway, so I told them to take it away. I found that my men went after the one who was carrying it away, and since I was sure that they were going to drink it, I took it and poured it out.

We were soon off again, and at two P. M. came to a place called Yen. Here we put up the tent, had a meeting, and began preparation for the evening meal, even though it was still early. I have only two meals a day when trekking. Everything must be done in the day time on account of mosquitoes. This afternoon I saw that I still had a lot of time, so while the food was being prepared I went across the swamp and visited two villages. Got back at sundown. After supper we had another service at the tent.

Next morning we were off bright and early. We had been traveling in the forest thus far, but this day we got out of it onto the open prairie . We had to cross quite a long swamp before we got to Camoin, where we had services in two places. Another swamp, and then we went to another village, Roam. After talking here we crossed another swamp, and we reached Nagil, where we pitched the tent. There were so many ducks here that I was tempted to see how many I could get at one shot. I was fortunate and got *seventeen*. ..*Then* we had a service, and got ready for the evening, after which we had another service. This night our donkeys got out of the barn, but some one was kind enough to report the matter, and our boys got up and finally found them.

The next day we traveled a long distance, visited five villages, and crossed three swamps. At Ye we stopped for the night. The chief at this place gave us a sheep .

I had sent one of the boys home for more food. The next day I left the donkeys and the tent here, and visited three villages I could see from Ye. There were still swamps to cross. These swamps dry up entirely a month or two later, and no one lives here as there is no water and no grass. They were already beginning to go to their fishing villages either at the river bank ,or some deeper swamps that never dry up. By one P. M. I had returned to Ye. The man I had sent home for food had caught up with us. We had reached the limits of the Nuer country, and therefore turned back. On the return trip we stopped at Maker over night. The next day we stopped only one place to talk . That evening at eight o'clock we reached home. These five days had been very busy ones, traveling ninety miles, visiting sixteen villages, and crossing fifteen swamps.

A month later I took a five days' trip in a different direction, and this time traveled in a native canoe. My provisions were the same as before, only the mode of travel was different. This trip was to the fishing camps. I visited nine of them in a distance of twenty miles. The natives live at these places from the month of February till May. Here they build temporary grass huts, smaller and simpler than the ones they build at their planting places, which are considered more permanent. They have nothing to do at the fishing camps except to fish, and take care of their cattle. This year there was very little fishing because the fish seemed to be scarce. One reason may be because the river was higher than usual this year. One has no trouble in getting crowds at any of these places. However at one place two old men came out to chase the people away, but the next day I succeeded in quieting these men, and they were quite ready to let anyone come and listen. On this trip I took my fish net, so we had fish occasionally. Geese were plentiful.

On these trips I saw and spoke to twelve hundred people, telling them of the life to come, as well as a better life here on earth. It would be interesting to be one of these twelve hundred and hear of these things for the first time. What is this Word of Life going to mean to them in the near future? We hear of such wonderful revivals on the West Coast of Africa, and in other places, also. Don't we have the same Gospel and the same Jesus? Let us pray as we have never prayed before that many Nuers shall soon learn to know Jesus as He is.

A TRIP FROM NASSER, SUDAN, TO ABA, BELGIAN CONGO.

By Rev. P. J. Smith

My purpose in taking this trip was to visit the Church of England mission stations on the upper reaches of the White Nile, and also to see somewhat of the work of the Africa Inland Mission, as it is carried on in the Belgian Congo.

Some twenty eight hours after leaving Nasser I arrived at Doleib Hill, but I took the up-stream boat at Taufikia, which is twelve miles below the mission. The day after leaving Taufikia we arrived at Tonga. where the Catholics have a mission. I saw their Church at a distance but did not have time to to visit their work. Soon after leaving Tonga we got into what is known as the sudd region in this part of the world, and for three days we traveled through it. All this time we saw no natives at all. It amazed me to see such a vast stretch of territory covered with nothing but sudd, or papyrus grass. The first day out in it we were fortunate enough to see a herd of one hundred elephants, and the next day we saw sixty-five, besides some other animals. The third day we came to Shambe, and as soon as we arrived a great many Num Yums from the interior came in with ivory tusks which they wished to sell. These people were shorter and heavier set than the Nuers, and their dress was different. My Nuer boy was afraid of them, and he said that these were the man-eaters they told about in his country, and he wanted to know why I had brought him up in such a country. In one way he was right in his statements because this tribe formerly practiced cannibalism, but the British Government has put a stop to the custom. The next stop we made was at Malek, where there is a C. M. S. (Church of England) mission among the Dinkas. In this section of the country there were grassy plains on both sides of the river, similar to the ones we have at Nasser. Later on we traveled through mountainous country.

I visited for three days at Juba, visiting the C. M. S. school. Their aim is to prepare the pupils for government service in the Southern Sudan, so that it will not be necessary to bring Egyptians or men from the Northern Sudan, who as a rule are Mohammedans. The pupils are all boarders, and their fees are three Egyptian pounds or fifteen dollars a year. They are furnished with food and clothing. Beside their school work they have considerable mannual work to do in keeping the place in order. working in the garden, learning carpentering, etc. Each boy has a small garden plot of his own for which he is responsible. They have drills each morning except Sabbath, and play football in the evening. They are required to go to the river each day to bathe, and on Saturdays they are required to wash their own clothes. They are kept thoroughly busy. They are given thorough religious instruction. All school work is done in English, and they are forbidden to speak anything else. The school has been in operation about three years, and it is remarkable how well the pupils have done in that time. The advanced pupils or those who have been there the longest time, are quite good in grammar, composition and arithmetic.

From Juba I walked to Rejaf, which was only nine miles away. Rejaf is the end of the journey, as far as boats travel on the White Nile. After sleeping at Rejaf in the government rest house I went southwest in an automobile. I found it cooler at Rejaf than at Taufikia, but there were still some mosquitoes, and the natives have malaria, and some black water fever. The automobile ride from Rejaf to Aba, a distance of one hundred and thirty-five miles costs $32.50 per person, and baggage is $85.00 per ton. Even though expensive it is better than walking or being carried in a hammock. The soil seems to adapt itself to the making of fairly good roads. We had only traveled an hour when we saw fresh elephant tracks, and soon we saw a tremendous herd of them. One inspector told me that he saw five hundred elephants in one herd, but I wonder just how he estimated such a large number. Along this road at intervals there are rest houses, where travelers can rest or sleep over night. There are always some natives in charge to keep the places clean and to get water and wood for those who stop. They are paid by the government. Here there are also settlements of natives living in government regulated houses. and their duty is to keep the road in order. Near these little settlements they have their fields of Kaffir corn. Aside from these people there seemed to be very few people living along the road . As we traveled inland we saw many different tribes of people, and my boy insisted that these were even worse people than the cannibals we had come across in the first part of the trip. He could not sleep for two nights on account of his fear, but strange to say after he had been at Aba for a week he overcame his fear, and found not a few friends among them.

When we reached Loka, which is forty miles from Rejaf, I stopped for dinner with a Captain Knowllys, who is in charge of the Equatorial Force, and to whom Rev. Lea Wilson, of Juba, had given me a letter of introduction. The C. M. S. mission at Yei has charge of a little school for the children of these soldiers.

Next we went on to Yei, thirty miles from the place where we had dinner. I remained here two days and visited with Mr. Price, who had only been on the field a few months. At this place they have a boarding school of forty boys. They had day pupils, but they are not successful with them because they remain at home for the slightest excuse. These boys were sons or near relatives of chieftains. and six different tribes were represented. Only the Bangalla language is used in this school and the same is true of the schools I visited in the Belgian Congo. This language belongs to no definite tribe, but when different tribes come together they communicate in this language, and the Belgian government has adopted it as the official language of the northern part of the Congo. It has been reduced to writing by the heart of Africa Mission. If the pupils remain long enough in the school at Yei, they are taught English. The advanced pupils are the teachers of the younger boys. At present they have three out-station schools, taught by advance pupils. Mr. Price had just been out to make one of these schools a visit. One of their former pupils, who is a Christian, had begun the school in his own village, and had built the school house himself. The pupils are called to school in the morning by one of the boys who goes to the top of a near-by hill, and blows the whistle .They have religious exercises, hymn singing, drills and lessons just like the main school at Yei. At the Yei each boarder must bring his own food, or else pay for it. Each pupil is required to do work about the place, and one of their recreations is to play football, a game which they thoroughly enjoy. Each boy also has his own garden, and as there is plenty of unused land at the place, they can cultivate as much as they wish.

From Yei to Aba is a distance of forty miles. Aba is only ten miles across the border in the Belgian Congo . At Yei I saw pine-apple fields for the first time. To get a ripe, fresh, pine-apple right off the plant is a rare treat. At Aba there were also many pine-apple fields, also banana and pawpaw groves. The headquarters for the Africa Inland Mission is three miles out from Aba, among the mountains. It is a very pretty place, and they have good views over the surrounding territory. They have a large place, on some of which there is good lumber . Among the things they raise are rice, buckwheat, corn, beans, kassava, or maniot, cabbages peanuts, potatoes, pine-apples, bananas, pawpaws, coffee, mulberries, limes, oranges, rubber trees, etc. They have over a hundred cattle, and some hogs which they imported from South Africa . It takes a large force of workmen to keep up such a place, and these they procure through the government, i. e., the government designates certain chieftains from whom they can demand a certain number of workmen, upon payment of the wages agreed upon. At this place they have two or three hundred workers, all of whom live about the place. Each family has a field of its own, and it is understood that they must comply with the rules of the mission. For instance, they are not allowed to smoke or chew, neither are they allowed to make or drink intoxicants of any kind. The aim of the mission is to have every one except the small children go to school. Even the wives must go, and it is interesting to see the mothers try to control their babies while they are trying to recite. All must attend the religious exercises. In the morning at six the bell is rung for the workers, and they gather at the chapel for worship, which consists of prayer, singing, and a scripture lesson. Then the workers are divided into four groups for classes in school. This session lasts about twenty minutes and then they go to work. At nine o'clock the women with their babies go to school, and at ten the young boys have their classes. In the afternoons they have school for those who for some reason or other are not able to go to school in the morning. In all these classes the Bangalla language is used. I was told that some of the pupils after being taught in this language can go ahead and read in their own language without any difficulty. In the afternoons at four-thirty the work for the day closes, and all the workers assemble for evening worship. Then they play foot-ball, and the missionaries indulge in some form of recreation if it is at all possible. The noon rest time consists of an hour and a half.

This mission has trained its workers to go to the surrounding villages and conduct little schools. They have twelve such schools at the present time, in the vicinity of Aba. The closer ones are taught by teachers who walk out to the villages after they have an hour of instruction and prayers, at the mission, The schools which are farther away are taught by pupil teachers who go out for a month at a time, and then return to the mission for further instruction while others take their places. All these schools are under the supervision of a missionary. In one of the stations of the Africa Inland Mission one of their missionaries has charge of over a hundred little schools of this kind. I was told that often some of their pupil teachers fail in their work, either through neglect or by falling into sin. Some are dismissed, or reproved, while others are punished by being sent back into ordinary work. Their supply of pupil teachers is far less than the the demand.

I had the privilege of going out two days with native teachers to visit such a school After the boys had been in the main school at Aba for an hour we we started at a quarter past eight. We caught up with three others who were on their way to different schools. We walked together for two miles, and then came to a bridge where the boys sat down to read a portion of the Gospel of John, and then they knelt down for prayer before they separated. One teacher passed us while we were having prayers ,and went on to his school. We had followed the main road for some time and then we turned off and walked quite a distance through tall grass and forest, and got quite damp. After walking for an hour and a half we came to a place which had been cleared off, and found happy people to welcome us. A hollowed-out log was beaten and this served as a bell to call all those who had not arrived beforehand. A box was brought out from one of the huts. It contained the school supplies. The teachers and I sat on nice native chairs, while the others sat on logs. First a number of hyms were sung, and judging by the hearty way in which they sang, the songs were known by all. Next a portion of the Gospel of John, concerning the Crucifixion, was read, and then one of the teachers made short talk. After several prayers we had reading and arithmetic. There were two classes, one of eight and the other of ten. Three men and one woman and some babies were merely observers at the lessons. After the lessons they sang some more hymns, and the second teacher gave a short talk. Altogether there were thirty five present. On the way back to Aba we stopped at another place and had a short service, with a group of twenty-three people. Without any help from the teachers these people were able to sing several hymns. The next day's trip was quite similar to this one.

There are nineteen missionaries at Aba. They have a doctor and a nurse, who are kept very busy in the clinic. They have numerous operations and are looking forward to the time when their new hospital will be ready for use. These two do quite a bit of dentistry, and they also look after numerous lepers.

The altitude at this place is four thousand feet and the air gets quite chilly. There are only a few mosquitoes, but they are the malaria kind, and black water fever is common. This mission has one man at the mission whose duty it is to look after their automobiles and trucks . Since this station is the headquarters for the whole mission all their business is transacted here, and all their freight is distributed from this place, after being brought overland from Rejaf.

This was a very interesting, inspiring six weeks of vacation for me, and I am very thankful to have had the privilege of seeing something of the work of the C. M. S. and the Africa Inland Mission.

LIFE AMONGST THE DINKAS.

By Eric Hansford.

Few people in the homeland, if asked, could say where-abouts on the face of the earth the Dinkas are to be found. Some, however, would answer that they are a fine Sudanese tribe, who, up till twenty-five years ago, were continually raided and slaughtered in great numbers by Dervish slave-raiders. But now under the British rule, the Dinkas are rapidly increasing in numbers.

About 425 miles south of Khartoum, on the White Nile, is the semi-Arab village of Melut, where the Australian branch of the Sudan United Mission has at present three missionaries. Inland, 25 miles east of Melut, is Meriok, a large Dinka village, where I have been spending the rainy season from August till November.

At this time of the year Meriok is an island of some hundred huts, inhabited by about 500 Dinkas, a few cattle, sheep, goats, many dogs, and one white man, in a sea of black mud, which however is a beautiful green to the eye owing to the profusion of tall grass and swamp reeds extending in all directions as far as they eye can see.

My hut is just a Dinka hut, mud walls plastered round a re-inforcement of tree branches, bound together with bands of reeds, and grass rope, which is perfectly rainproof in the heaviest of down-pours. My cooking is done by a native boy from Melut, in a small hut near-by. I am not as fond of a hut full of smoke as the natives are—hence the small hut where the cooking is done.

The Dinkas are very fond of their cattle, and every young warrior sets his heart on acquiring them. Indeed, he must do so if he is to marry and have a home of his own, for the prospective father-in-law generally requires from ten to fifteen head of cattle before he will look with favor upon any warrior suitor for his daughter. The youngsters consider themselves becoming quite grown-up when they are allowed to loose the cattle from the tethering ropes in the center of the village, and drive them to pasture.

The sheep and goats are tied up in large huts, and locked in at night, some of the boys sleeping along side of them. on dark nights the hyenas prowl around the village and sometimes stealthily make a hole in the wall of the cattle hut, and carry off an animal. The youngsters loose the goats and sheep, and drive them out in the long grass to feed, where it needs their sharp eyes to see that the lambs do not get lost.

The Dinka is tall and broad-shouldered, and very long in the legs. He needs all of his six feet and some inches in height when watching his cattle in the long grass, where he will stand on one leg, resting the foot of his other leg on the knee of the leg supporting him, for an hour at a time, like a huge stork. He is not a fast runner, but can run for hours without fatigue, and walk for many days.

While some of the young men are out with the cattle, the others and the older people go off to their corn patches, inside the edge of the forest which is a mile from Meriok. Here they get down on their knees and weed their kaffir corn with a small iron hoe, bought from the Arab. When the sun gets over-head they return and sleep in their huts for a couple of hours, then back they go to their crops until sun-set. Only a few of the old people remain in the village all day, men and women alike sitting in the huts, smoking their long, wooden pipes with clay bowls containing glowing char-coal, and gossiping.

Thus, beyond attending the sick, visiting the old people, and playing ball games with the youngsters who are not on duty with the animals, one gets little opportunity of presenting the gospel message to more than a few at a time. If the rain holds off for a few days it is possible to follow the narrow foot tracks through the long grass, often eight and ten feet high, and after wading a few swamps and streams, enter a neighboring village. But here again the people are away cultivating. Sometimes one finds a dozen or two people in the village, who however, will not come together to listen to the "talk of God", and so, beyond speaking to one here and there the visit seems to have been lost.

The Dinka is not easy to reach. Trekking in the wet season is very exhausting, and no matter how early a start is made, one can not get far in the mud and swamps before the heat of the day. Perhaps twice a month or oftener, the denizens of the marsh, the mosquito tribe, do their work, and cause one to keep his bed for a few days, suffering with malaria. Even when living amongst the Dinka, one sees very little of the people, so busy are they getting in a year's supply of grain to carry on till well into the next rains.

The Dinka is a proud, reserved fellow, and it is difficult to get a heart-to-heart talk with him. He is very reticent about his worship. He believes there are spirits in certain trees, pieces of which he wears on his body as charms. He worships snakes, nor will he kill one, nor look on while the white man kills one. In one case a mother saw her child bitten and die soon after, but her husband drove the reptile away, afraid to kill it, lest all sorts of evil should come upon him and his family. The Dinka also believes that the spirit of a dead chief can help or harm a village.

Recently the funeral rites of the old chief of Meriok were celebrated, six months after he had been strangled by his wives, the usual way the Dinka chief is finished off when near death. A week's dancing, day and night was held in his honor, and all the neighboring villages were invited, each in turn. Bulls were sacrificed and afterwards eaten by the visitors and people of Meriok. The chief of each of the invited villages took part in the sprinkling of the blood, and other acts of worship were performed. The present chief said that only thus would the spirit of the departed chief come and remain in the village, and that otherwise the cattle would die of disease, the spear wounds of the warriors would not heal, the crops would fail, etc.

In vain it was pointed out that as the dead chief was in his grave he could not help any living person; but that only the Great Chief Jesus Christ, who died but came forth from the grave, and walked amongst men before He went to the country of God, could save and bless the people of the village. The story of our Lord's Resurrection is often greeted with an incredulous laugh in Dinka land.

Sometimes after the rainy season when the swamps have all dried up, the Dinka drives his cattle down to the river, each inland village coming to its own river village each year. Trekking is now easier though the heat is greater, and the whole country is a huge network of cracks, which catch the feet of the unwary or tired walker. It is now quite the rule to get thirty or forty grown people and children to listen to the Gospel story as we go from village to village, but the boys and young men are missing, either out with the cattle, hunting in the river forests, or spearing fish along the river banks.

There are no Dinkas who can read, nor have we been able to persuade any boys to come and learn. The independent Dinka will not become a personal servant, for he is laughed at as the white man's wife; nor will he submit to even very light routine. He just wants to be free to roam about at will; so the printed Word has no opportunity here of reaching the people whom we can not visit.

Continuous teaching of a year or more has been given some individual Dinkas, during the nine years of telling the Gospel Tidings here, and the message has been frequently given to many villages within thirty and forty miles of Melut. The first signs of harvest do not yet appear. There are other Dinkas beyond who have never yet had a messenger for Christ visit them. Further afield between the Dinkas and the hills of Abyssinia, is a whole race of people, the Burubs, as yet untouched and unsought, except by prayer. Westwards, between the nearest stations of the east and west Sudan, if one traveled in a straight line, he would cover some 1300 miles, passing through tribe after tribe, hill people and people of the plains, and never find *one Ambassador of Christ the whole way through.*

Meanwhile the Moslem trader goes in and out at will, each *one a Missionary of the false Prophet.* The people recognise the Moslem's superiority in possessions and abilities, and his worship openly in their midst can not fail to impress them. Once he was feared as an enemy, in the slave-raiding days. Now he is more dangerous because in the guise of a friend, who knows to what extent he is preparing for the Moslem flood which is silently coming in on high tide, and lapping the borders of this people and that, ever slowly but surely advancing. Thus the Crescent preceeding the Cross, to our shame, be it said.

The soldiers of the Lord seem to be led into no such victories by their Captain as they long to win, but so long as our eyes are upon Him, and our lives disciplined to carry out His orders, we can leave the tactics and the whole strategy of the war to Him, who makes no mistakes. We know that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord that the victory will come.

Vast as is the untouched field of the Sudan, small our corner of it, and little seemingly accomplished in it, yet having heard the command, " Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every living creature," so we have found great joy in accepting the call, though wondering at such a privilege, and said, "Here am I, send me", and so we have for our encouragement an *all in all*, "Lo I am with you always."

P. S. Mr. Hansford is a missionary who was sent to Melut by the Australian branch of the Sudan United Mission. He saw active service in France during the World War, and soon after his discharge from the army he came to Melut.

TWO SABBATHS AT DOLEIB HILL

By W. R. Hart

Sabbath is supposed to be a day of rest and quiet, but unless I should make allowance for my two Sabbaths spent at Doleib Hill being very much out of the ordinary I would be left with the impression that their Sabbaths are reserved for incidents of unusual interest and excitement.

On the first of the days I went with Mr. Oyler at a rather early hour on his regular Sabbath morning round of a cluster of small villages. On entering each of these he would call the people to gather around, and would seat himself on the ground in the shade of some huts. In a few moments a group of about a dozen would be gathered around him. They were of all ages from infants to old folks,—he seemed to know them all, and they seemed to accept his visit as a matter of common occurrence. The meeting was opened by a few questions covering the previous Sabbath's discourse, followed by the lesson for the day, and closing with a word of prayer, led by one of the native Christians if one were present, otherwise by Mr. Oyler.

Thus we went from one group of houses to another, but the attendance it seemed was not up to average. The reason was soon apparent, for at one of the farther villages was being performed the ceremony of "mudding the grave" of an old man of the village. Burial takes place almost immediately after death, among the Shullas, and the grave is either inside, or else just outside the hut in which the deceased has lived. There being little time for proper ceremonies at the time of burial, the really elaborate ceremony takes place a few days later at which time the rough mound is covered over with a rough plaster of mud.

In the center of the village were a couple of old women beating drums, and milling around them with a peculiar sort of hesitating step, swinging of the body, and waving of the arms, chanting in a wild monotone that was certainly suggestive of anything but mourning. The warriors, all the males of the village except the old men and boys, were gathered at some distance in the open. At the appointed time they came charging in and marched at a fast pace around the village, later passing between the huts and criss-crossing back and forth, ending in a war dance and mimic warfare in which some rushed menacingly at the grave, and others defended it. These men were dressed for the occasion in hideous paint and rare skins, and each had his full compliment of spears burnished to a dazzling brightness as they flashed in the sunlight. This procedure was still going on when we left. The impression was that of a holiday procession rather than expressive of sorrow. At one point in the procession Mr. Oyler stepped in and drew two young men aside, telling them that this is no place for professing Christians, and I saw them later in the Church service.

The following Sabbath I was on my way to Nasser, but two weeks later I was again at "The Hill". Early in the afternoon I heard an excited conversation outside, and presently Heasty came to my room and asked me if I wanted to see a fight. When I asked in return if it might be a prize fight or a dog fight which Sudan missionaries proposed as Sabbath entertainment for their guests, he said it was a fight between Shulla villages. Being nearest to the scene of action the news was first brought to Mr. Guthrie by the sudden arrival of three men who had been fleeing for their lives, and had come for protection. He and Mr. Oyler were on the spot when we arrived.

In explanation let me say that on opposite sides of the mission grounds are two groups of villages, the group up river is called Feju, and the one down river Fyla (I take all responsibility for spelling). No one seems to know how or when the fued started between these groups, but after a pitched battle a few years ago, and the interference of the local authorities, it was supposed to be settled. But as long as there is a parade of fighting prowness and equipment at funerals, weddings, feasts and all other occasions, there is the restless desire to use this prowess with a serious purpose. And so it happened.

According to the evidence it seems that six or more men from Feju were on their way to Malakal by the most direct road, which, under the circumstances, brought them closer than discreation would have allowed to the villages of Flya. On being recognized they were at once pursued by some Fyla warriors, and fled for their lives. Three of them got to Guthrie's house unarmed, the other three, one of whom had a deep spear wound in his back, had sought sanctuary in one of the uttermost Fyla villages.

Now here is a thing which strikes us as very strange, that a man running for his life should take refuge in the house of one of his enemies. The explanation is that these people have a great dread of a dead man's curse, and they believe that this curse will surely fall on the house that allows a stranger or a guest to suffer violence while under its roof. The owner of such a house is supposed to defend a person, if need be, with his life. And so, hard as he must have tried since the owner of this house failed to kill these men before they entered his home, he was now forced to defend them with equal valor. This was the state of affairs when Heasty and I arrived. Guthrie and Oyler had found the man bleeding profusely, and had done what little they could for a wound of this nature. Meanwhile, in response to the war-cry all the warriors had assembled and had found themselves divided into two opposing groups, the owner of the house with all his relatives defending the three men, and the rest of the villagers in a frenzy to kill them off. I rather doubted whether these men would shed the blood of fellow-villagers who were forced into such unwelcome circumstances, but they began to approach in a very menacing way, and the protectors drew up into line as if to resist attack. At this point Guthrie and Oyler went to meet the leaders of the attacking force to try to prevent bloodshed . I noticed that Guthrie was accompanying his arguments with a club fully the equal of any that they carried. For some reason they quieted down for the time being, and it was decided since the blood had clotted on the wound somewhat, to try to get our man over to the mission as soon as possible. A stretcher was improvised, and we started for the mission which was a quarter of a mile away. We hadn't much more than left the hut when the wild mob started for us, and we had to get our man back as quickly as possible. I shall never forget the look on that man's face as he lay with his back to the howling mob that was seeking his life, nor shall I forget the death grip that he took on my wrist.

There seemed nothing further that we could do, therefore seeing that he was protected by an adequate force we returned home to see what could be done for the three who had taken refuge at Guthrie's. The mob, disappointed at the escape of the men in the hut, were talking of coming after these, and we didn't relish the prospect of seeing murder done on our premises. It was with a good deal of relief that we found that other men of their tribe had come secretly, during the excitement elsewhere, and conducted them safely away.

This feeling of relief was short-lived, however, for it was not long before the other two unarmed men came running for their lives, closely followed almost to the Guthrie house by the swiftest of the Fyla warriors. The owner of the house of refuge, fearing threats of breaking a hole in the wall of his house by night and spearing the refugees, had given these men a chance the moment he saw the coast was clear, to run to a safer place.

While wondering how to make these men really safe for the night an unexpected but very welcome sound was heard—the whistle of a steamer about to stop at our place. We thought to ourselves, if there should be a British officer aboard the whole matter could be turned over to him.

Let me digress for a moment to say a word meant especially for Americans. Several of my American friends have an insane antipathy toward all things British, which they themselves can not justify. I dislike some British traits, but let us remember that we also have characteristics equally offensive to them, and not without good reason. But let us not forget that except for the British our foreign mission work would be almost impossible, and that there are many corners of the world, whether civilized or uncivilized but under the curse of a system which has no respect for decency, and hates Christianity, where only respect for the British uniform makes it possible for people of all religions to live.

As it chanced, there was on the steamer a young British officer, who was stopping on his way up the river for a friendly word with Mr. and Mrs. Oyler. On being informed of local conditions he without a moment's hesitation called a half a dozen armed blacks, and went with us. He sent his men to bring in the wounded man, and went himself, unarmed and alone, except for an interpreter, directly to the place where the warriors were assembled. He spoke to them for a few moments, and certainly they could have misunderstood neither his words nor his manner. There was silence while he spoke and after, and there was no opposition to the removal of the wounded man, As he was in no shape to travel this man was brought to the mission, and placed where he would have care and safety for the night, and the officer took the other two men on the steamer to their village up the river. A pitched battle had been predicted for the following day, but the report that he immediately sent to headquarters brought another steamer with an official, who took the situation in hand at once.

The matter has again closed temporarily, and the officers hope it is closed permamently, but since blood has been shed, and especially since the wounded man has since passed away, the murder of a man from Fyla is now expected, even as this man was murdered in retaliation for a Feju murder some years ago.

Across the fence from the battlefield of these opposing factions of the Shulla tribe stands a little Church. Last Sabbath there were eighty in attendence mostly men. Ostensibly for protection from snakes and wild animals no Shulla will venture ten paces from his house without his spears in his hand, but at the Church door these are left outside. For some time no member of either village will be willing to venture out alone, and this will continue until enough members from Fyla and Feju to influence their villages, will meet together in this Church, regularly and unarmed, and learn of the futility and crime of this sort of living.

Note by Editor—For the Sudan

Doleib Hill missionaries had the pleasure of a month's visit from Walter Hart, son of Dr. S. G. Hart, of the Egyptian mission. During the past year Mr. Hart has been helping to construct the N. W. M. buildings in Egypt, and he decided to take his vacation in the Sudan, and thus see somewhat of the work in this mission.

On his return to Khartoum the boat stopped at Malakal, the capitol of this province, and while there an Egyptian doctor was drowned. Mr. Hart conducted himself in such a way as to win the gratitude of the Egyptians of the place. They wrote us asking us to thank Mr. Hart. An English doctor who was there at the time also asked us to do the same. His letter gives some idea of Mr. Hart's courage.

"I am afraid I quite forgot to thank Mr. Hart of your mission for his plucky behaviour on the occasion of the death of Dr. Shoukair, late medical officer at Malakal, by drowning on Feb. 12th. Mr. Hart jumped into the water and helped a sailor out of the water, who had previously dived in to try and rescue the Doctor. As the time was midnight and the accident occurred between the steamer and the barges, Mr. Hart ran a very considerable risk in getting into the water. His services were very valuable in helping to perform artificial respiration and other means of resuscitation, I hope you will convey to Mr. Hart how much his services were appreciated."

EGYPT

Minnehaha Finney, Editor. Tanta, Egypt.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Tanta Hospital Egypt

Dear Friends—

I thought of addressing this solely to the doctor's wives in the W. M. S. knowing that in them I could find a sympathetic audience. Suppose I tell you about one of my days. It is very uneventful all forenoon, just the common round of household duties with its full share of interruptions. But the romance of missionary life fades away before the routine of managing a house and caring for the nicest little girl in the Land of the Pharoahs. At 12:30 dinner is ready but the doctor doesn't come. No matter it's usually one before he he comes. But one o'clock, one-thirty, * * * I'm getting a lot of stockings darned but I'm also getting hungry. Two o'clock and at last he is here. Let me say, in order to explain my feelings a little better that cheese souffle and baked potatoes aren't any better in Egypt when an hour and a half overdone than they would be in America. But before we condemn the tardy arrival we had better listen to his account of the forenoon's work.

It is during the heat of the summer

so the hospital is unusually full and with one doctor away on vacation the two remaining have extra duties. This day has been even worse than usual. To start it off a call came from a poor section of town and when the doctor went he found a bad case of bleeding which he couldn't manage alone, so he came back for the other doctor and a nurse. They arrived at the poor dirty home to find the woman pulseless from loss of blood and the gentle ministrations of the native midwife. Feeling that to attempt anything there will prove fatal they urge the family to allow the woman to come to the hospital. After much persuasion they consent and they carry the poor thing to the hospital Ford which is waiting outside. Back to the hospital in a few minutes but already nearly an hour late for the regular rounds of the more than 100 patients under their care, they take the woman to the operating room, make her a little more easy and leave her wrapped in blankets to get warm while they hurry around the wards. Such luck! Here is a woman who came in yesterday in severe pain and now she is bleeding so that they dare not risk delay. Hurry her into the other operating room and trust that the first woman can wait a little longer. At last the two are cared for, are back in bed and give promise of surviving the morning's events. Now rounds must be finished and the forenoon is half over.

One doctor goes to the clinic where a crowd of sick ones are waiting impatiently for his coming. There he starts in on a trying two or three hours listening to angry expostulations over the price of an operation, explaining that hospital visiting rules cannot be violated, incidentally examining a number of those who have ailments. The other doctor goes to the laboratory to get ready his needles etc, for giving the intravenous injections of which there are only 35 this morning. Almost all the patients suffer from bilharzia, an Egyptian disease contracted by bathing and working in the filthy waters of the canals. Injections of tartar emetic furnish the relief so this is an important part of the daily routine. These finished he must do a dressing or two and he is just about to start home when five or six more men arrive, just sent in from the clinic. They must be examined and prescribed for and so the potatoes and the souffle get heavy and soggy in spite of all that the wife can do. But she can't very well blame him now, as she sees how tranquil her morning has been compared to his.

True this morning was a bit unusual but there are lots of unusual ones and when there aren't emergencies there are other operations. Then there are medicines to be mixed in the drug room, specimens to be examined in the laboratory, and trillion other things that have been neglected a morning like the one just described.

"Well," I said when this recital was finished, "you can take a little rest now can't you?"

"No, I must try to be back by 2:30 for one of the American teachers is to have a tonsilectomy this P. M."

"You won't forget that that Syrian family from the church is coming to call this evening before supper, and you'll try to be home."

"I'm counting on it, and will be here if possible." But as it so often happens the doctor's wife entertained alone for a dear little American baby chose that particular afternoon to come to the hospital to meet his missionary parents and the doctor had to stay and help them welcome the little traveller. So instead of coming home early to meet his native Christian friends, he didn't come home to supper at all.

My space is nearly gone and I wanted to tell you about Osman's little brother. Osman is one of the hospital servants and his father was bringing the younger boy in for pellagra treatment. Pellagra is a malnutrition disease so is common among the poor. As they arrived at the station, coming in from the village, they were met by a man who seemed to be much interested in the sick boy. "Your little boy is sick?" "Yes." Where are you taking him?"

"To the American Hospital." "Oh, there is no use taking him there; they don't know how to treat his disease. They just do operations. Come with me and I'll show you a doctor who will soon make him well." But the father happened to know more about the Americans than his interested friend knew so he came on. The same week we heard of a man who was met on his way to the hospital by one who told him that since he wanted an operation there was no use in his coming to us for when the Americans have an operation like that they call in Dr. So-and-so, a Greek who does it for them. He kindly offered to take him direct to the surgeon. But in spite of this propoganda on the part of the Greek and native practitioners our hospital is fuller than ever before in its history.

Pray that those who come under our care may not leave without receiving more than healing for their bodies. But that the word preached to them every day may "accomplish that which He please." Will you not pray too that medical students at home may be lead to invest their lives where financial returns are not so great but where the need is immense and where the influence of applied Christianity is help-to break down the wall of Islam?

Very Sincerely Yours,
Susannah McKeown Hutchison

GIRLS BOARDING SCHOOL
TANTA, EGYPT

The last two weeks have been very busy ones getting ready for the opening of school day after tomorrow. Because we have encouraged ourselves for so long with the thought that we would be in this building only another year or a year and a half at most, we have allowed it to get into a most rundown condition. This summer it became evident that it will probably be two years before the new school building is ready for occupancy and so I decided that something had to be done to make the place more livable. The kitchen came in first for attention and it received a color washing which improved its appearance much. Most of the mattresses need to be made over, but I contented myself with having four done. The divan in the teachers' sitting room had to have new covers, so I had a man come in and do that. If I had had more time, I would have done that myself and I think the result would have been somewhat neater, but it is a comfort to have done them at any rate. The floor in the office had rotted so badly that it was all in holes. So that had to be torn out and a new one laid. When it was laid, a space was left at three doors between the wood and the tile floor in the adjoining room. A mason was brought to lay tile in that space. The blackboards, tables, chairs, and wastepaper boxes all needed freshening, and a painter was secured to do that. There had to be a special man to do the chairs as a regular painter does not do that kind of work. An electric light man has to be brought yet to do some repairs along his line of work. My experiences with these various workmen should have advanced me far in the grace of patience, but I am afraid it developed my irritability instead. I am sorry that I was not a better witness for Christ before them.

During all of this time, cleaning has been going on all over the house. I have endeavored to teach my helpers, the order in cleaning which I was taught—to get rid of all dust first and then begin washing, but it has been difficult for them to see why dusting and washing cannot go on at the same time, and what is the use of moving cupboards and heavy pieces of furniture to clean in and around them, when they will never be seen? And what is the use of being so particular about window panes and mirrors and pictures? I begin to wonder myself after I have had a room done over a time or two if it is all so necessary. But habit has great force even—perhaps, I would better say especially, in house cleaning.

Then a thing that has been heartening through it all has been the frequent coming of persons asking for application blanks for entering of new pupils in school. Sometimes it has been a servant. Again it has been the mother of the prospective pupil and almost invariably accompanied by a lady friend for moral support. Other times it has been the father. One very pleasant call was from the father of a former pupil who is now at home too big to appear in public frequently. He is a Mohammedan merchant and deals in coffee. He spoke very appreciatively of the school and said he wanted his younger daughter to be taught in our school also. He asked about the older daughter coming to take piano lessons and I told him we would be very glad to have her. He asked about the fees for the younger daughter and paid at once $4.50 and said to send the janitor at any time for the rest and he would send it. It would amount to $2.50 making a total of $7.00 dollars for the four months term. I sent afterwards and he sent it at once. To find one in such sympathy with the aims of the school and with such appreciation of it and so ready to pay the fees asked, gives one a very happy feeling.

Among other callers have been those who have come to ask for a re-examination of some who failed in the June examinations. With most of these I have great sympathy. Any one who has made an honest effort and has failed deserves another trial, I think, unless his mental capacity makes the result hopeless. One poor father came and begged with every entreaty that he knew to have his daughter examined. His daughter finds it difficult to learn and is the despair of her teacher, but she is so diligent that I think I shall allow her to be re-examined. If she succeeds, well and good. If she fails, she will have to repeat her year's work.

With it all, I have tried to do a little calling. There are so many places to go and the school year seems so full that I always feel that I should make a special effort to get to as many houses as I can in vacation time. One place where I went there was a new baby—a boy—the son of one the married daughters, and her firstborn. Of course it was a very great event in the family and they were serving a special kind of thick drink which is served only on such an occasion. For my part I would as soon have celebrated the event without the drink. It is always such a pleasure to me to get into the homes that I wonder that I do not make a bigger effort to do so throughout the whole year.

Whenever the thought comes to me that the new building is soon to begin, it puts fresh courage in me to strive even harder here to make our school good in its service in spite of the unfavorable conditions under which we must labor as long as we remain in this building. My earnest prayer and great longing of heart is that the year upon which we are entering may be the greatest in spiritual blessing that the school has ever known.

CAROL E. MCMILLAN

NEW WORLD MOVEMENT

P.M.I. Assiut, Egypt

Dear Magazine Friends:

Dr. Mills Taylor has been asking us what the N. W. M. has meant to our work, and I want to tell you what Mission work has meant to one of the towns of Egypt, the village of Nekheila near Assiut. About sixty years ago Miss McKown visited the little Protestant Church there which had been started under Dr. Hogg's guidance and begged them to send some of their girls to the new boarding school just being opened in Assiut. After careful inquiry and the giving of many promises three little girls came and from that time to this a number of Nekheila girls have been in P. M. I. every year.

Last week we visited the town in company with Rev. Neal McClanahan and Miss Rena Hogg to make final arrangements for the Evangelistic Conferance Meeting there. Your hearts will rejoice to know how the Church work has grown and especially the work among the women. Last year when their new Church was being built, the men and women met at separate places for their Sabbath services. The women's meeting was under the direction of a spirit filled man Elder Basaly. The numbers grew until there were 500 in attendance. At the first Communion, thirty women united with the Church and at the next twenty-four. So great was the interest, that the women considered petitioning Synod for permission to carry on their separate work even after the new Church was open to them. It is a little wonder that they objected to going back with the men when, even in this new Church, the women are to sit in a flat gallery, twenty feet above the ground floor, where a close lattice work screen cuts off all possibility of seeing and often hearing the minister.

We got a glimpse of the regular Friday morning women's meeting and heard of the good work of their prayer committee, the visiting committee and preaching committee. They also support a worker in another town. The president of the meeting is a strong Christian woman, who is fitted for leadership.

The Church in Nekheila numbers between 500 and 600 members. Their new building when completed will cost $10,000. It will take them years to finish it. They have worshiped in it already for months with no roof, and the Conference will be held there under the open sky. The pastor is a great student and a tireless worker. In his study are shelves and shelves of good books. Another case contains the apparatus used in the science classes in the school and he teaches them himself. His daughter is assistant teacher in the girls school, where forty-five girls are daily taught a Bible lesson along with the other lessons.

Many influences have helped in the building up of this splendid work in Nekheila. We humbly thank God that he has so blessed what the Church at home and the mission have done in causing the seed sown to bear such abundant fruit.

Your loving friend,
Anna B. Criswell.

ABYSSINIA

Mrs. T. A. Lambie, Editor, Addis Ababa.

HEALING SOULS AS WELL AS THE BODIES.

Six days in the week men, women, and children come to the dispensary for medicine for their bodies, but before they receive this they are told of the cure for their sin-sick souls. Some hear the message but once, but there are others who come several weeks for treatment. These have more opportunities for learning. God says, "My word will not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please." His promises are true. Our part is to sow the seed and He will give the increase.

The hardest class to reach are the proud Amharas who would much prefer to sit out under the trees than come into prayers. All the time that the Scriptures are being read and during the prayer they sit with their faces covered. One's heart just yearns for them to know something of the humility that our Lord had while He lived here on the earth. But they are not all like these I have just been telling you about. The last couple of weeks one has been coming for treatment. Instead of rushing to the door as soon as it is opened, he and his friend spend their time reading in their testament or Bible whichever the hospital boys give to them. They have asked for enlightenment and just recently have learned the Lord's prayer. May the seed find root and bring forth fruit.

While those on the outside of the hospital are receiving a message, Shone one of our Christian boys is having prayers with the hospital women helpers. These women are very much interested in their Bible lessons and are very good at answering questions. It is somewhat hard for some, but the Abyssinian as a rule does not find it as hard to pray in public as many of us back in America do.

This morning when we went down to the hospital there were at least thirty women, each with a load of wood, waiting to sell it. Usually they are afraid to leave their wood as they fear that some one will take it, while they are away, but recently they have been willing to come into prayers. The treatment room is not very large so that when thirty women besides the helpers are seated it is about full. I was very happy to see that the helpers were willing to sit on the floor and let the wood-women have the benches. This is probably the only opportunity that these poor women have of learning God's word. Isn't it a great privilege to tell these women, many whose lives have been filled with hardships, of the love of Christ? By the expression on their faces one can tell this. How different they will be when once they have accepted Christ as their Lord and Saviour. These women helpers are an example of what a Christian Abyssinian woman can be. May there soon be many more like them.

While Shone is having prayers with the women Taso another Christian boy, has the hospital boys gathered around him and is leading them in their morning lesson. Several of these boys can read and all of them are Christians.

Every evening we have prayers in the ward for the in-patients. Those who are able to sit up sit on mats on the floor, while we attempt to teach them a portion of the scriptures. It is interesting to see how easily they can memorize portions of God's word.

Garu was once one of the hospital helpers, but he was never very strong. Before coming to us he was very much undernourished. Because of this he developed tuberculosis in both hips and was compelled to give up his work. He has been sick a year and part of the time has much pain, but he never complains. When Mr. Buchanan asks the boys to learn certain portions of Scripture for their Sabbath afternoon meeting they often come to Garu to help them. He has taught several men whose bed was near to his own, to read. His patience with them has been remarkable. Garu is a real personal worker. He does not meet so many people but with the ones he is meeting he is using his influence for good.

One of the patients that Garu has taught to read and lead to accept Christ is Gabru an Amhara man. The Amharas usually consider themselves much better than the Gallas, but Garu has done much for this man. When Gabru came to the hospital, it was for treatment for a gun shot wound. We were told it happened while he was stealing coffee. At first he was not a very agreeable patient, but through the teaching which he has received and the influence of this humble Christian boy his life has been changed and now he believes in Christ as his Saviour.

At night we often hear the hospital helpers reading together and in the morning until the dispensary opens if their work is finished, they spend their time reading to the patients.

What makes the change in the lives of these boys? It is because of their love for Christ. Is the work among these people worth while? I wish that you knew them as we do, and knew what kind of home training they have had, and then see the change that has been wrought in their lives.

Pray for these people who come to the dispensary every morning for treatment, and for the in-patients that they might come to know Christ as the Physician of their souls.

RUTH C. BEATTY

Sayo, Abyssinia.

The happiest girl of Pittsburgh City sailed from Brooklyn N. Y., September 13, 1924 on the Steamship 'City of Venice.'

The traveling parties were very cheerful, the ship comfortable, the many children on board happy most of the journey; games were much in evidence, books and letters ever present, steamer chairs and robes oh so inviting, the water very smooth and blue, the white caps extremely entertaining, the waves playful; the sunset beyond painting and the sunrise equally beautiful.

Eighteen happy days had crept away when suddenly one morning we awoke in the noisy harbor of Port Said. Here we had happy surprises by post and the personal touch of Dr. Hoyman, Rev. Willard Acheson, and Miss Davida Finney who came all the way from their work to greet us. Many of the party went to shore in Egypt but only a few returned to the ship to sail on to the next ports. We little realized such strong ties could be made in such a few short days until Egypt claimed from our party about the best we had.

I should liked to have gone on to India with the remaining party, but after five days sailing I was carried safely into the steamer point of Arabia. Here I tarried five days visiting the Missionaries of the Swedish Mission and enjoying what I could of the hot sun of Arabia, until I could get the French Steamer across the sea, to Djbouti. In Djbouti I was met by Florence White and Florence Davidson of our Addis Ababa station, and after three days of pleasant travel up country, my dreams came true and I am now convinced that Abyssinia is surely the better field of the three to have chosen.

Have been 'at home' over one month now and am quite happy in the surroundings. I find Addis Ababa to be a very desirable place for one to call home and am glad I did not decide to stay on ship and go over to India where the climate is so very warm.

First I must tell you a little about our 'home'. Our house is a two story stone building, divided into eleven rooms and a bath. Our front or a living room is a large room with a great open fire place, where charcoal or wood is deposited every day; a built-in book case, piano, many comfortable chairs and necessary tables. In this room we generally enjoy our afternoon tea with visitors who happen in. Our dining room is directly in back of the living room, has the same kind of an inviting fireplace and furnishings very suggestive of its use. Next comes Dr. Lambies study, the bathroom and two bed rooms. The upstairs rooms are bed rooms. Our house faces the hospital, and we have a very nice porch on three sides of the house, the other side facing the kitchen, which. of course, is separate from the house.

In our garden are many kinds of American vegetables and very beautiful flowers. Mrs. Lambie is quite a gardner herself and her garden is the home of the most beautiful flowers I have seen anywhere. As I occupied one of the easy chairs in the living room I counted twelve varieties of flowers in vases. I wish you could see some of our beautiful pansies, poppies, many colors of carnations, white wax lilies, roses, astors and many others I shall not mention. Then the high Eucalypsis trees reaching far above the houses and as plentiful as the flowers in the garden. The stable is the home of the family pets, namely the horses. Over by the Hospital is Sal: owned by Miss Ewing but teased by everyone. Sal is a baboon both by name and reality, and is Miss Ewing's chief pet. Wallie has a dog and cat and a few chicks.

The Hospital building is very close to our house and October 20th ground was broken for the back wing of the building. I must tell you a little about that morning too. Mr. Douglas had no doubt advertised in some way for 20 men to come as he intended breaking ground for the new building. About 7 A. M. a crowd of less than 200 men were discovered out on the compound with Mr. West and Mr. Douglas. After the 20 men were chosen the remaining unemployed proceeded to gather in the first floor of the hospital. There are no mills or factories of any kind here and the men have little or nothing to do. We have no doors on the first floor and much painting is to be done yet. We have no patients on the first floor so these men wandered in. The noise was intense but much disturbed when Miss Ewing arrived at the scene and ordered them out of the building. She ushered them out of the door off the porch, down the steps and off the compound. Well, this was my first reel of such a scene and I more than enjoyed it. Those tall, black headed fellows running right and left, with their sticks flying above their heads and their garbs held so as to not hinder their speed. Dr. Lambie was soon at the scene and he too admits that Miss Ewing is a real Dewey. She has been nicknamed Dewey.

Dr. Lambie bought beds over in the market and we now have 22 patients. Our patients are doing very well, many being typhus fever cases; and the nursing department is going on as usual, along with two clinics daily and an occasional operation.

We had a very sick patient, who has been spared to his loved ones in a very special way. He is a very close friend of Ras Taferi and was visited many times in the hospital by the Prince. Ras Taferi stopped here for tea one day after visiting the Hospital and I enjoyed meeting him. The trees I brought in my luggage for him from the State Agriculture department have been delivered to him and I suppose have been planted. This patient of whom I speak is a Christian man and met in family worship with us this morning before leaving for his home.

If Nurses in America could peep in on us here, see our nice buildings cheerful patients, pretty compound, comfortable home; feel our breezy climate and warm sun; watch us gallop off on an occasional horse back ride, taste our fresh vegtables and water—I just wonder why some one did not tell me about all this before I came to see for myself.

Lovingly,
VIOLA BAYNE,
Addis Ababa, Abyssinia.

INDIA

Miss Jean Morrison, Abbottabad, India, Editor

Question. "What does the word *Zenana* mean?

The word "Zenana," confined to its use in India, is of Persian origin. "Zan" is the word for women so Zenana means —pertaining to women. We use the term "Zenana woman" to denote one who lives in seclusion, Purdah Lady means the same thing. Zenana also means the apartments occupied by the women in an Indian home. The expressed reason for veiling their women was that they were subject to rude remarks by men of the baser sort, as they walked about. The real reason is said to be that Mohammed, coming in contact with his adopted son's wife was so smitten with her charms that he contrived a divorce and took her to himself, after that he proclaimed seclusion for women. When the Mohammedans invaded India they brought the custom of seclusion for women with them; often by force they added a beautiful Hindu woman to their household, which caused the Hindus to begin to veil their women and keep them in seclusion. Miss Thoburn said "Oriental women have always lived more or less in the background, but Mohammed shut them within four walls and turned the key." This custom is only observed among the higher classes; but the custom is bad, it makes a woman constantly conscious of her sex.

PATHANS.

Several families of political exiles from Kabul, the Capital of Afghanistan, live in Rawalpindi. Their language is Persian, but during a long residence in the Panjab many of them have learned Urdu. An interesting character among them is a Pathan woman, a relative of the former royal family in Kabul. She is tall and fine looking, past middle age now. Her husband and children are dead so she lives with a young Mohammedan woman named Fatima; the little son of this woman is a pupil in the Islamia High School. The Pathan woman said "now all of the men of my family who prohibited me from hearing the Gospel are dead, please teach me." Fatima too is interested in the lessons. Although the Pathan woman speaks Urdu very well it is difficult for her to read it, so first of all she has a reading lesson with the New Testament as the text book. She is eager to learn and listens with great interest while the message is being given, often asking questions which shows that she is thinking. Once when the Bible lesson was being taught concerning sin in the heart of each person and that the Lord Jesus is our only Saviour, she interrupted, grasping a knife and saying earnestly "Oh that God would take a knife and cut sin right out of my heart." She seemed to be struggling to realize the truth of the Lord Jesus Christ being our sin bearer. Later she made the statement, "Jesus Christ is the Son of God and only He can save us from our sin." During the prayer, at the close of the Bible lesson, she remained in a reverent attitude of worship, saying clearly "Amen" tho' the prayer had ended in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. She needs prayer for courage to obey the truth that God is teaching her out of His Word.

A handsome young Pathan of about 24 years of age appeared at the Mission House one day asking baptism for a young woman.

He was told that becoming a Christian meant more than mere baptism, she would have to be taught and examined by the Church session, they professed to be willing for this, but when she began to realize what it meant to become a Christian she no longer desired to be one. Later her reason for asking for baptism came out, becoming a Christian would divorce her Mohammedan husband, with whom she was not living, and leave her free to marry this Pathan; this accomplished, she could read the culma, i. e., repeat, "There is no God but God and Mohammed is his prophet,' and thus become a Mohammedan again.

The young man told us an interesting story in excellent English, he is a political exile from Kabul, Afghanistan, and with his mother and brothers spent three years in America. This was evidently true for he could answer questions about America that would have been difficult if he had never been there. They took a famous diamond to America with them, "Darya Nur" meaning "river of light," which had been in their family for a long time. It was valued at a large sum in Tiffany's. He mentioned having attended Catholic Churches in America, but said, "I have never been tempted to become a Christian;" evidently there were other temptations he had not escaped. He cannot plead ignorance, for that day at least he heard the full Gospel message.

So you see that even when people come asking to be *made Christians* it is necessary to enquire concerning their motives.

ZARRA S. HOON.

Rawalpindi, India.

LYALLPUR.

From our tent door I am looking out over a big field of cotton that is ripe and ready for the harvest. It is dotted here and there with bright patches of color, orange, purple, red, yellow, green, brown and blue, these are the clothes of our Panjabi sisters who spend long days picking the white, fluffy cotton. In the morning one sees them going out empty handed, and in the evening, just at dusk, they come trudging home each with a huge bundle of cotton on her head. Circumstances have combined to make the price of cotton unusually high this year, and the women improve this opportunity for earning a little extra money for the family budget. Each gets one twentieth of what she picks. Cotton picking is slow work and long hours and it is difficult to get them to stop long enough for a meeting when we visit their villages. Though *called* Christians many of them haven't gotten very far away from the superstitions and degradation of heathenism. Only this morning we went to a village where the people seemed so ignorant. We were trying to get the names of the women and girls who were present, and their very names convey some of their superstitious notions, one girl was called "Rajji" (full), another Akki, (weary) both of which mean that the parents are tired of girls and want the rest of their children to be boys. One poor old woman who was practically blind, gave her name as Gujri (wife of a cow herd), which means that she is a second wife and this name has been given her to keep the spirit of the first wife from cursing her. Sometimes a charm is worn about the neck for the same purpose. Knowing all this we asked her what her name was before she was married, and she said it was Maro (dead). This was probably given so that the evil eye would not be cast on her, or it may have been because she was a girl and her parents wished her dead.

Recently we were having the women of a certain village tell some Bible stories when one of the younger ones said, "Why don't you ask Begam to tell something, she is the elder's wife and is supposed to teach us." This was said in sarcasm for she was the most stupid one present. She could not even tell who Christ was nor what He had done for her.

One family had three children to be baptized and I wish you could have seen them! They were so dirty! They had been playing in the juice of the sugar cane for days, by their looks, and the ever present dust of India had not forgotten to leave its trace on their little bare bodies. The parents did not think it worth while to clean them up so they were not baptized.

Their ignorance is not all about religion. One day some children were playing about the motor as it was standing near the place where we were having service. In the middle of the sermon one mother discovered that her own children were among them and called out in a high, shrill voice, "You children, run away from there quick, you never can tell when those things are going to start and this one might run over every one of you.' They all took her advice as though it had already started!

In spite of all the ignorance and sin among them there are many encouraging things in the work. Some women came to the tent to call on us and told how they had been studying their lessons and telling them to each other as they worked in the cotton fields, for they knew we would ask them questions. They had learned them well and said they had received a lot of pleasure from learning together in this way.

One woman gave us two rupees for a Thank offering because a ring worm on her face had healed. The women in one village decided to be responsible for the Home Mission offering and let the men pay the N. W. M. pledges. We were very pleased to see them take this initiative, and also that they paid much more than the men. We feel that if all the circles of the district could have leaders who are as spiritually minded as theirs, all our people would make more progress in spiritual things.

Prayer groups have been formed in many of our villages this year. Won't you pray that these people may learn what real intercession is and what is wrought by it? Pray that the Holy Spirit himself may be their teacher, and that He may take their barren lives and make them fruitful.

JANETTE M. HOWLAND.

TEACHERS' CONFERENCE.

This was held in Sangla Hill boarding school, foreigners and Indians lived together, the same food, the same living arrangements exactly and we were all most comfortable and happy, the management and discipline of this school are beyond praise. To one who is not in distinctly educational work this was an eye opener, I had no idea that such progress had been made in female education in the last few years. Primary and High Schools and College were represented, the practical lessons taught before us were most illuminating and addresses given were of a very high order but the miracle to me was the handiwork, how I wished that the whole exhibit might be displayed at our W. G. M. S. next spring. It is so varied and every detail so perfect—there were mud villages, play houses, buffaloes, cows, goats, chickens etc. made of clay, little beds made exactly as big beds are made and properly furnished from mattress to down quilt, paper flowers exquisite lace, embroidery, sewing that looked like machine work, bead work, samplers, applique, dolls dressed to represent different castes, dainty net work, relief maps, vegetable maps and writing that any school in America might be proud of. All of the Missions in the Panjab were represented and the work done in our own United Presbyterian schools was equal to any that was shown. Miss Louise Scott taught us some new action songs, Miss Jameson, Miss Zink, Mrs. Samuel and others of our Mission were on the program. Padri Labbu Mal of the Theological Seminary took the Sabbath services. The importance of these Conferences can not be over rated, they are worth many times the expense involved. Build more boarding schools for the Christian girls in India if you want the Church to advance.

JEAN MORRISON.

CHRISTIAN TRAINING INSTITUTE. SIALKOT.

Dear Friends,

This school, is situated in an open maidan and beautiful grounds, about the size of at least a small village. The teachers are very polite and courteous. The education in this school is not limited to things that would help on in the worldy affairs only, but great stress is laid on religious teachings. The Head Master and Manager are very competent people and are prepared to render even pecuniary helpful very often.

Most of the boys are true Christians and take interest in various Committees and have always their duties towards the Committee in view. They know it is their duty to abstain from the intoxicant of all kinds which will make thin and weaken their bodies. They do not limit this to themselves but teach others about it. May God preserve us in this good road.

May God make blessed the work in the villages and make it fruitful and may He bless the efforts of the Christians. No doubt there are good many difficulties and hardships to be faced in the work but to over come them and win souls.

On the Sabbath day early morning the preparations are made for the Church. The elders take the boys in order and seat them in Church in the rows. Padri Sahib reads from the word of God and gives us His message. When the Church is over the boys take part in the various Committees. There is a Committee of Library of religious books and another of secular books. On the Sabbath day we leave for the whole day and do nothing which is against the sanctity of the day.

Hussain Bukhsh,
Student Sixth Class.
Translated.

AVALON HIGH SCHOOL. PATHANKOT, INDIA.

Our dear friends in America,

I am writing this letter as one of the girls of Avalon High School, to express our gratitude to you as our friends of our Mother Church in America. We are all thankful for your great kindness which has been a very welcome help to our parents in sending us to such a school where we can take our education. We know that there are many people who cannot send their children to school on account of their poverty and other reasons. But this is your kindness to remember in your prayers as well as your money.

And we also thank you for this kindness, that you have not left us alone but you have counted us in your Church too. So we are also called the United Presbyterian Mission. If we had not been helped by you, we would not have come into the light. Also there are many congregations which have been established by your help. And the missionaries who are sent out here are ready to be our leaders in every work and are a great help to us.

Since you have given such loyal support to our school we know that you are interested in the education of girls in India. Many girls have passed their higher education from here, and now many of them are teachers, doctors, nurses and mothers, and so are serving

God in many ways. Always grateful for your help.

We just feel in this school as if we are in our own homes and we do not fret for our parents. There is a great unity among us, so we all live as if we are one family of sisters, because we love and help one another. So you can just imagine what jolly times we have in school. Each one of us tries to obey her parents and teachers.

I think you will be glad to hear something about our school life too. Then let me tell you that we get up at 5:30, and we have Bible reading for half an hour. Then we go to Church for our morning prayers with the Staff. And after the devotional service we have roll call in the same place. Then our school begins at 9 o'clock and closes at 2:30 P. M. In the afternoon we have study for an hour. Also we go out for a walk once a week with the teachers and enjoy the natural beauty. Even by standing near our dormitory windows we can enjoy ourselves by looking at the beautiful mountains covered with thick snow. You know Pathankot is in a valley surrounded by the mountains from three sides, so it looks very beautiful, especially when snow covers the mountains.

Once a week we have our Messenger Club and Prayer Band. On every Friday each class goes to different rooms for Prayer Band but on the last Friday of the month we all meet together in our Prayer Room.

Every evening we play for an hour We have many games in our school, such as badminton, basket ball, etc. So each one of us enjoys this time very much. After the game time is over we go for our evening prayers. Then we have night study also for an hour.

On Sabbath at noon we have our Association meetings. On one Sabbath we have our Home Mission Band, on another we have Temperance meeting. The third week the Young Women's Missionary Society, while the last Sabbath we have our Christian Endeavour Society. We also share in the New World Movement, and our girls make handkerchiefs, table cloths, and some knitting work etc., and we sell them so that we may send the money for the New World Movement.

You will be interested to know that we sing the same Bible songs that you do over there in America, and really we enjoy them very much. We have a small organ, and our Vice Principal, Miss Ramsey, has a violin of her own which helps us much in our singing. We do have jolly good times in singing. We have a Student Library Table in our school, and we like to read the papers that are kept on it. We have a very fine Staff of twelve teachers who are well educated.

Before I end this letter I must try to tell you something of the great difference between our lives as happy contented school girls, and the lives of our non-Christian people in India. We are getting ready for the service of Christ, and we are thankful to God that He has given us such kind helpers who have brought us from darkness to light. We have such happy good times, and because of the training we are receiving we are made to love the best in life, and are given ideals for our whole lives. We want our lives to be an honour to Jesus Christ.

We always remember you in our prayers and hope you also remember us in your prayers. Now I close this letter with good wishes and kind regards.

Edith Williams

On behalf of Avalon High School.

"Edith, the writer of the Avalon School letter, is the daughter of Rev. W. T. Williams, one of the well known ministers of our Church in the Punjab. She is beginning the work of our Tenth Class this year and hopes that next year the way will open up for her to go to Normal School as she is anxious to become a teacher. Although she is only sixteen years old she is an unusually thoughtful girl. She is quite an all round girl and is loved by all her school mates."

L. M. Buchanan, Principal.

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EDITORIAL

MRS. GEORGE M. MOORE, Editor, Xenia, Ohio.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

Before this issue of the Womens Missionary Magazine will be read the Foreign Mission Convention, to meet in Washington D. C. January 28-February 2nd will have been held.

The primary purpose of the Convention is for the information and inspiration of the Churches of Canada and the United States. It will be an educational, not a deliberative or legislative assembly. It will not deal with questions and problems of the administration on the Mission field. It is held in the interest of world wide Missionary effort.

It is most encouraging to know that amid all the tumult of nations and their finances which seem to prevail this day, that there is a desire, among the leaders of Christian activities to assemble the Christian leaders of the two countries in a Missionary Conference.

That there is need for the Church Membership to know of the un-evangelized in the world, from lack of the delayed message, will no doubt be effectively presented, at the Great Conference in Washington.

Until the Church at home faces the problem of the duty of the Church to give the entire world the Gospel of Jesus Christ the task will remain.

It is most heartening to know that the purpose of this Convention will assist many countries for the preaching, teaching and healing ministries of the gospel. Christian Missions is the one supreme task of the Church of Jesus Christ, and any member of the Christian Church that gives no support financially nor spiritually for the spread of the Gospel fails to obey the Great Commission of the risen Savior. Surely that person is not eligible to teach the message of the Gospel. With-holding the greatest gift to all mankind, from any by our own neglect or selfishness perhaps is the greatest hinderance to world wide evangelism.

If or not we have Missionary Conferences, we have the open Bible declaring to us our duty. It is not my Church, my people nor my family, that comprises the Missionary program of the Christian. It is to *"every Creature"* on earth the Great Commission had in mind. And we are His messengers by Divine favor and grace.

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ON TO BOSTON!

If it is possible we would like to use the Certificate Plan going to our W. G. M. S. meeting, but it requires 250 certificates to secure the reduced fare.

Those living near Boston who pay a one-way fare of 67 cents can secure certificates and thus help those who live at great distances. If by the first of March I have received names of 250 who will use the Certificate in going to the Convention I will make the arrangements for the Certificates, but if not, other arrangements must be made.

Please send your name immediately, or not later than March first.

MRS. W. P. WIEGERING.

THANK-OFFERING DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.

Thank-Offering Secretary

905 Publication Building 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

OUR THANK-OFFERING YEAR.

"Another year has passed away
In silence gone forever;
Yet memory shall bid it stay,
Its acts shall perish never!

Our prayers and praise this day we raise
To Him who all things giveth,
That by His side we may abide,
Where He forever liveth.

And has it passed away unblessed?
Have all its hours been wasted?
Not all, yet far too much in rest
The joys of God we tasted.

And does the lesson we receive
Bid us to faint in sorrow?
Oh no! It bids us look and live,
And hope from faith to borrow.

And forward in the coming year,
We'll strive to win the blessing;
And though in darkness, never fear
The love of Christ possessing."

PRESBYTERIAL REPORTS.

We are praising God for the 1924 Thank Offering. Each presbyterial has had a part in this offering, we are sure. The money has been received but reports of all presbyterials are not in our hands. We are not discouraged, there are still fifteen days from this writing until the ON TIME limit is reached. We are confident that all reports will be received before February 1, 1925, and trust that when they are reviewed every presbyterial will have a place on the Honor Roll.

We must depend on the returned blanks for information by societies. A larger number of reports were received last year than any other year in the history of this department. We want to break the record or 1924 by being able to report at the next convention that a report was received from every society. The following Presbyterials have sent reports and the date it was received by us.

	PRESBYTERIAL	SECRETARY	DATE RECEIVED
1.	Northern Indiana	Mrs. Addie Barnes	December 17, 1924.
2.	Spokane	Mrs. F. E. McCani	December 23, 1924.
3.	Concordia	Miss Allie Esdon	December 24, 1924.
4.	Rock Island	Mrs. V. E. Banks	December 24, 1924.
5.	Detroit	Mrs. H. B. Parks	December 26, 1924.
6.	Indiana	Mrs. A. M. Harvey	December 30, 1924.
7.	Oregon	Miss Laura J. Larson	December 27, 1924.
8.	Steubenville	Miss Nancy Kerr	December 31, 1924.
9.	Des Moines	Miss Emily V. Hamilton	December 31, 1924.
10.	Cedar Rapids	Mrs. Joe Hay	December 31, 1924.
11.	College Springs	Mrs. E. S. Brown	December 31, 1924.
12.	Albany	Mrs. Judson C. MacLaury	January 1, 1925.
13.	Texas	Mrs. J. E. McKee	January 1, 1925.
14.	Big Spring	Mrs. Harry L. Grove	January 6, 1925.
15.	Argyle	Mrs. J. H. Dean	January 6, 1925.
16.	Omaha	Mrs. H. S. Westbrook	January 7, 1925.
17.	Monmouth	Mrs. J. O. McKnight	January 7, 1925.
18.	Los Angeles	Mrs. H. G. Dean	January 9. 1925.
19.	Wisconsin	Mrs. Ellen Riford	January 9. 1925.
20.	Philadelphia	Mrs. James L. Montgomery	January 10. 1925.

21.	Colorado	Mrs. T. O. McKelvey	January 10, 1925.
22.	Vermont	Miss Orpha I. McLam	January 10, 1925.
23.	Idaho	Mrs. J. L. Colvin	January 12, 1925.
24.	Garnett	Mrs. Lulu Bayall	January 12, 1925.
25.	Uncompahgre	Miss Elizabeth Beverage	January 12, 1925.
26.	Lake	Mrs. R. D. Hay	January 13, 1925.
27.	Mansfield	Mrs. Jessie I. Peckinpaugh	January 13, 1925.
28.	Chicago	Mrs. H. E. Brown	January 13, 1925.
29.	Cleveland	Mrs. W. B. Boies	January 13, 1925.
30.	New York	Mrs. J. L. Hervey	January 14, 1925.
31.	Frankfort	Mrs. W. J. McKenzie	January 14, 1925.
32.	Muskingum	Mrs. A. C. Duncan	January 14, 1925.
33.	Westmoreland	Mrs. Frank D. Findley	January 14, 1925.
34.	Chartiers	Mrs. William Sawhill	January 14, 1925.
35.	Kansas City	Mrs. Lyda B. Stewart	January 14, 1925.
36.	Kiskiminetas	Mrs. Mary J. Miller	January 14, 1925.
37.	Oklahoma	Mrs. D. E. Gibson	January 14, 1925.
38.	Pawnee	Mrs. D. H. Brush	January 14, 1925.
39.	Sidney	Mrs. W. E. Mansfield	January 14, 1925.
40.	Butler	Mrs. C. G. Johnston	January 15, 1925.
41.	Delaware	Miss Elizabeth Fletcher	January 15, 1925.
42.	Monongahela	Mrs. R. M. Douglas	January 15, 1925.
43.	Xenia	Miss Lulu Henderson	January 15, 1925.
44.	Arkansas Valley	Mrs. Anna C. Brown	January 15, 1925.
45.	Beaver Valley	Mrs. R. W. McGranahan	January 15, 1925.

THE 1924 THANK OFFERING CLOSED!

Our 1924 Thank Offering is completed. Throughout the denomination, north, south, east and west the societies planned a special program for the annual "Ingathering" of the offerings. God's Spirit was manifested in these meetings. The needs of the different fields and the conditions of the millions without Christ were portrayed.

When we thought of God's gift, of the Son, the only begotten Son, we realized anew how little we had given to Him.

After the Thank Offerings were over many expressed their regret thus "O, if I had only known the great need! I forgot all about the Thank Offering service until this morning and I did not have much to give." People who use the Thank Offering box during the year never forget the Ingathering. Their life is full of "thank you."

What a blessing these little boxes are. First, they make us mindful of our daily gifts and the Giver. Second, we receive a blessing as we express our gratitude by our coin.

His blessings to us are daily, why should we only express our gratitude to Him once a year. Try it 365 times this year. If night comes and you have not had one thing for which to be thankful, stop and review your day. This will not be necessary many days, you will soon be able to see the blessings all through the day. If you do not have a box (reminder of the blessings) please send to 905 Publication Building.

May your slogan be—Something for which to be thankful each day of 1925.

At this time in the year we welcome many new life members of the Women's General Missionary Society. In order that these names may be known by all at an early date we are giving the space usually taken by the thank offering secretary. As these are received month by month they are published. This list is a continuation of the 1924 list.

LIST OF LIFE MEMBERS.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS
at $25.00 each.

(Continued from page 371)

274. Marie Prentice, Pittsburgh, Pa.
275. Laura Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., By her Mother.
276. Miriam Cochran, Pittsburgh, Pa.
277. Margaret McKim, Pittsburgh, Pa.
278. Mrs. Blanche Trimble, Bellevue, Pa., By Miss Mary Trimble.
279. Mrs. James L. Kelso, Clayton, Mo., By Miss Jean Brown.
280. Mrs. W. M. Riddle, Pittsburgh, Pa., By Mrs. D. J. Brown.
281. Miss Catherine Barr, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. John Dewar.
282. Mrs. C. F. Benjamin, Los Angeles, Calif. By Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Glover.
283. Miss Ora B. McMorran, Aspinwall, Pa.
284. Mrs. Ebenezer Allison, Canonsburg, Pa.
285. Mrs. J. S. Gantz, Houston, Pa.
286. Lorraine Crumm, Canonsburg, Pa.
287. Elsie McNary (In Memoriam) By Olive Hickman.
288. Mrs. James A. Galbraith, Houston, Pa., By her daughter, Ruth.
289. Mrs. Letitia McBurney (In Memoriam) By her daughters, Jean D. and Martha L. McBurney.
290. Mrs. H. W. Denny, Hickory, Pa., By her husband.
291. Mrs. Frank Miller, McDonald, Pa., By a friend.
292. Mrs. Harry McConnell, McDonald, Pa., By Venice Y. W. M. S.
293. Margaret G. Cowden, West Middletown, Pa. Made a life member by West Middletown W. M. S. for faithful service in the society.
294. Kathleen J. Amos, Pigeon Creek Congregation, By her grandmother, Mrs. T. M. Caldwell.
295. Mrs. L. M. Brown, Burgettstown, Pa., By Mrs. E. J. Bell.
296. Mrs. S. W. Bigger, Bulger, Pa. By her her husband.
297. Clara Witherspoon, Sewickley, Pa.
298. Mr. S. J. Glass, Bulger, Pa., By his wife.
299. Mr. W. H. Glass, Bulger, Pa., By his wife.
300. Mrs. D. A. Davidson, Princeton, Ind., By a friend.
301. Miss Rosetta McGregor, Sommerville, Ind., By the Society.
302. Rev. Walter P. Cooley, Somerville, Ind., By his wife, Jessie E. Cooley.
303. Miss Grace Woods, Princeton, Indiana.
304. Mrs. Fred Lukens, Beloit, Kansas. By her husband.
305. Sarah McCay, Fredricksburg, Ohio. By W.M. S. of Fredericksburg.
306. Mrs. Samuel Franks, Sr. Millersburg, Ohio. By her children.
307. Dr. A. W. Warren, Canton, Ohio.
308. Mrs. Margaret Richards, Canton, Ohio.
309. Mrs. A R. Ewing, Canton, Ohio.

Beginning Dec. 15, 1924, Ending Jan. 1, 1925.

310. Alice Irene Campbell, Verona. Pa. By Mr. Dean E. Gray.
311. Jessie Bell Campbell Verona, Pa. By Mr. Dean E. Gray..
312. Mrs. Millie Wilson, Wilkinsburg, Pa. By her daughter, Mr. Blaine L. Stoner.
313. Esther M. Smith, Wilkinsburg, Pa. By a friend.
314. Josephine R. Gilmore, Cadiz, Ohio.
315. Mrs. Sara L. Daugherty, Wilkinsburg, Pa.
316. Mrs. David Price, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her daughter, Eleanor Price.
317. Mrs. Clara A. Kemler, Pittsburg, Pa. By four members of 2nd Pittsburgh W. M. S.
318. Grace Brown McMaster, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her sister, Edna G. Brown.
319. Elsie Emerick Kelley Pittsburgh Pa. By her husband.
320. Margery Allison, Pittsburgh, Pa.
321. Mrs. James Calvin Reid, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Belle A. Tannehill.
322. Mrs. Esther McMasters, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Belle A. Tannehill.
323. Mrs. Ethel McCullough Wallace, Ingram, Pa. By Ingram Y. W. M. S.
324. Mrs. Charles Wilson. By her sister Mrs. Chas. R. Ramsey, Woodville, Pa.
325. Mrs. John Metzgar, Woodville, Pa. By her sister, Mrs. Harry Ostermeyer.
326. Bertha Demski, Woodville, Pa. By Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Hill.
327. Mrs. Sarah Emery, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. T. T. Lowman.
328. Mrs. Lizzie Poindexter Sands, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. T. T. Lowman.

329. Mrs. Alice Holmes, Wheeling, W. Va. By a friend.
330. Mrs. L. C. Veits, Wheeling, W. Va.
331. Mrs. R. J. Lanyon, Oklahoma City, Okla.
332. Mrs T. E. Johnston, Columbus City, Iowa. By W. M. S. of Columbus City.
333. Mrs. Netta Moore, Columbus City, Iowa. By W. M. S. of Columbus City.
334. Mrs. C. N. Johnston, Columbus City, Iowa. By W. M. S. of Columbus City.
335. Mrs Mary Ellen Graham, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her son and daughter.
336. Mrs. D. E. Whitney, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
337. Mrs. C. G. Marshall, Plumville, Pa. By her daughter, Mrs. H. C. Bell.
338. Mrs. Anna H. McCahon, Canonsburg, Pa. By Mrs. A. G. Boal.
339. Mary A Powell, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
340. Mrs. L. E. H. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y. By her sister, Mrs. George A. Long.
341. Mary C. Stotler, Parnassus, Pa. By a friend.
342. Euphemia Adams, Edgewood, Pa.
343. John G. Heidish, Pittsburgh, Pa. "An Appreciation," By Herron Hill W. M. S.
344. Mrs. Kenneth H. Irons, Beaver, Pa. By Harriet C. Ewing.
345. Mrs. Myrtle Ivy Hutchinson, Swissvale, Pa. By Mrs. R. L. Zimmerman.
346. Mrs. William H. McMunn (In loving memory). By her son and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. W. R. McMunn.
347. Mrs. M. W. Riddle, Oakdale, Pa. By friends.
348. Mrs. Florence Reynolds, Oakdale, Pa. By friends.
349. Isabelle W. Dillon, Sewickley, Pa. By a friend.
350. Bessie McNeill, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Etta M. McClure.
351. Harriet Milholland, Pittsburgh, Pa.
352. Annabel Rousseau, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Miss Minnie Edmundson, "In memory of my Mother."
353. Mrs. Alida Crombie (In memory). By her daughter, Estella Crombie.
354. Mrs. W. L. Dunston, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
355. Mrs. Margaret M. Lucas, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her daughters.
356. Myrtle Fairman, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Eleventh Pittsburgh W. M. S.
357. Agnes M. Johnston, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Ann J. Patterson.
358. Mrs. Margaret McKinley, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her daughter and sons.
359. Mrs James A. Flemming, Indiana, Pa. By her sister, Sara E. Lowry.
360. Mrs. Walter Wilson, Bovina, N. Y.
361. Mrs. Alex M. Thomson, Bovina, N. Y.
362. Mrs. Lucy Coulter, Bovina Center, N. Y.
363. Emily E. Burns, Bovina Center. N. Y.
364. Mary E. Brown, Bovina Center, N. Y.
365. Lillian O. Murray, Walton, N. Y. By her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary E. Miller.
366. Mrs. William B. Auchenpaugh, Oneonta, N. Y. By "a friend".
367. Mrs. R. R. Irwin, Davenport, N. Y. By the W. M. Societies of North Kortright and Davenport.
368. Mrs. Florence Porter, Harpersfield, N. Y. By her sister, Mrs. Bertha Rowland.
369. Mrs. Richard Cutler, Walton N. Y. By her daughter, Agnes Cutler.
370. Bertha Killgus, Philadelphia, Pa.
371. Margaret J. Wiggins, Philadelphia, Pa.
372. Charolotte Roy, Philadelphia, Pa. By a friend.
373. Olive V. Miller, Philadelphia. Pa. By Mrs. C. W. Crowe.
374. Mrs. Mary Mahood, Philadelphia, Pa. By Mrs. Isabella Tucker.
375. Mrs. Ella Weber, Philadelphia, Pa. By Mrs. Robert Harbison.
376. Mrs. Isabel M. Scouller, Philadelphia, Pa.
377. Mrs. Milton M. Lownes, Philadelphia, Pa.
378. Mrs. Jennie Smith, Oakmont, Pa.
379. Mrs. John Broadfield, Emsworth, Pa. By a friend.
380. Dorothy Donaldson, Emsworth, Pa. By her parents.
381. Mrs J. L. Beatty, Pittsburgh, Pa.
382. Mrs. Walter L. Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.
383. Mrs. William E. Copeland, Pittsburgh, Pa.
384. Mrs. W. J. Frazier, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(To be continued)

YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,

MISS IDA B. LITTLE,

1503 Dormont Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIM:—TO DO RIGHT—FOR DUTY'S SAKE;

MOTTO:—"NEVER MIND THE CHANCE THAT IS PAST WATCH FOR THE NEXT OPPORTUNITY AND QUALIFY YOURSELF TO BE ABLE TO SEIZE IT,"

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1924—1925

Support of Pasrur, India, Girls Boarding School, $4,350. Salaries—Home: Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Kentucky. Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Miss Eva Johnson, R. N., Henderson, N. C. City Missionary, Miss Laura Sawhill, Spokane, Washington, $2,680. Salary—Foreign (new); Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gore, Abyssinia, $800.00. Total askings $7.830.

Each Society is asked to contribute at the rate of $1.00 per member.

NEW YOUNG WOMENS SOCIETIES.

Allegheny Presbyterial—Valencia Y. W. M. S., Pres. Mrs. Mabel Barr

Rock Island Presbyterial—Ella Barnes Mission Circle.

YOUNG WOMENS SPECIAL.

View the figures for the last three years on January 1—

1923—$2,058. One hundred and
1924— 1,743. twelve dollars short of
1925— 1,946. 1923! Two hundred and three dollars more than 1924! Aren't you glad it is better than last January, but don't you dislike to ever see a falling off? If every YWMS did its share, 1923 would be passed now. Get the excelsior spirit and defeat will become obselete.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Are you holding your regular funds until the last of the year? Do you disburse to the presbyterial treasure *at least quarterly?* Do you apportion your funds *monthly* in your *congregational* society? Are you keeping informed of the needs through the columns of the Magazine? Are you endeavoring to show that you are one hundred per cent alive? You have time yet to prove your worth if you have failed the fore part of the year.

YOUNG WOMEN'S MISSION CIRCLE—SIXTH U. P. CHURCH, NORTH SIDE.

"CHRISTMAS"—DEC. 11TH, 1924.

A beautiful old church stands on the outskirts of a small town. High up in the tower of this old Church are chime bells whose music seems to come from heaven. No one has heard them for years and years, but those who can remember so far back assert there can be none sweeter. It was the custom for the people to bring to the Church each year their offerings to the Christ Child and when the greatest and best gift was laid on the altar, there would come sounding through the air the chimes, far up in the tower. Now for many years they have not been heard, because no gift has been made which was great enough to set the chimes ringing.

Because of the prosperity throughout the land the King has once again decreed that the old Church shall be opened at Christmas time. All the people of the land came with their gifts, some with priceless gems; others with only small gifts, but each one makes his offering with the hope that his gift will ring the bells.

Hark! The chimes are ringing! What wonderful gift has been made? All eyes are turned toward the altar. Can it be that such a gift as that caused the chimes to ring! Only a branch of cedar trimmed with sprigs of holly. Who made such a gift? Two little children from the hills. It was all they could give They had trimmed the little tree for themselves and wanted it so, but they willingly gave it to the Christ Child because it was all they had. With it they had given their all.

—NADA M. MACHER Editor.

P. S. Following the meeting the Y. W. M. C. held a farewell reception in honor of Mrs. A. H. Elliott, at which time she was presented with a beaded bag as a remembrance from those who love her so well. May she find great happiness in her new work.

We were privileged to have Miss Ida B. Little as our guest of honor and we hope she will visit us soon again.

In explanation of the above program, the young woman in charge of the program for the month of December, decided to give a Christmas cantata and with her helpers, a dozen or more, gave the listeners quite a treat. The group formed the choruses and other musical parts as well as taking care of the dialogue. Where the group plan is used, each group caring for its own month or months, it should be a simple matter to assemble your cast, assign parts to the proper persons and give the bulk of the society most fascinating surprises. The trouble with many societies is that little method is employed, and few better themselves to be really charming. Too often it is thought that *anything* will do for a missionary meeting, but one must do *her level* best in any other organization. What kind of a feeling do *you* have in this matter? Where do *you* put forth *your best efforts?*

OUR SUDAN MISSIONS.

1. Where is the Sudan? How do our missionaries get there?
2. When was our missionary work in the Sudan begun?
3. What mission stations have we in northern Sudan?
4. What people live in this section?
5. How many and what stations have we in southern Sudan?
6. What people live in southern Sudan?
7. How many schools do our missionaries have in the Sudan?
8. What kinds of missionary work are carried on?
9. Tell something of Ralph Tidrick.
10. Tell something of Miss Blanche Soule.

NOTE—Have these questions published in the last two or three issues of the Magazine given your society an idea for your program meeting? If not, possibly it is because you have a plan you consider better. If you have tried any new plans, will you not be generous with them and pass them on for the use of some other society? No reason why any one should have a monoply on the good things.

THE REPORT BLANKS.

It is again nearly time to write on the annual blanks just what you have accomplished as to finances and some more really as vital matters. Will you not read most carefully the letter of instruction accompanying the blanks so that the Presbyterial secretary will have real pleasure in filling in the large blank?

The blanks will go to the Presbyterial officer early in February. At least, they are to leave Pittsburgh early in the month. Any *congregational* society not having received its blanks by *March* 10, should drop a card *immediately* to the *Presbyterial* Y. W. *secretary* telling of your difficulty. If you do not hear from her by return mail,—whatever that time should be,—drop a note to the *General Secretary*. Tell her of your need. Make it *very plain who you are.* Sign your name so there will be no need to guess at it when addressing you. Sometimes just a little haste in writing makes it necessary for the one addressing you to try to imitate your writing as nearly as possible in the hopes that the letter will reach its destination. Do your part in securing a *one hundred per cent report.*

YOUR WORD.

What is it worth? How does it represent you? Does it help to maintain the family's good name? Does it assure your friends that you are worthy of their friendship? Is it dependable?

A meeting of value in which you should be active,—your Christian duty and privilege,— is planned for a certain day. When asked if you will attend the characteristic "sure!" falls glibly from your lips. But you do not go—not because of illness or family cares or any reason for remaining away, but because you had not taken the matter seriously or else chose some other way to spend your time. Was your word any good?

A Sabbath School teacher asked her pupils if they would not like to make some dolls for some children who knew nothing whatever about dolls, living in a land where dolls are not known. They entered heartily into the plan and an evening only a few days off was set aside to meet at the teacher's home. In good faith,—for the teacher is a woman of her word,— she prepared for the enthusiastic bunch of a dozen girls. It is assumed she had gone to considerable work and some expense to provide the refreshments girls like, as well as providing material for the dolls.

The evening came. Everything was ready. The hour arrived. *Three* girls came. The minutes ticked off another hour and no more girls arrived. Did these girls mean to be discourteous and untruthful? No, of course not. Are they inherently dishonest? No. Would they feel hurt if told their word was no good? Most likely. Could they be excused because they are young and thoughtless? By no means, no! "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." If children and young people do not *know* to keep their appointments some responsible member of the family should see to it that they keep their promises or explain why they cannot. If young people do not incline to keep their word in their developing years, what kind of grownups must we expect.

"Your word is as good as your bond." Do you know some people you would not trust as borrowers? Do you reason that if their bond is like their word there is little to hope for? Do some of these people call themselves by name Christian? How easy it is to bring reproach not only on our own good name but on innocent parties, our friends! We besmirch the name of the church and all that is noble when we become untrustworthy.

How much can your pastor count on you? Have your word and life so tallied that he knows you will try to do your duty? Should you feel offended if he does not entrust responsibilities to you as to others? Perhaps you have not been known as a person of your word.

This matter of your word is a most serious matter especially for the youth as this is the habit and character forming period. But some grownups are responsible for many unreliable young people in that they themselves are not consistent livers and keepers of their word. A whole chapter could be written on how children almost from infancy are tricked and deceived by their elders, also, one on the promises that are made apparently in good faith, but are never kept. Oh, of course these grownups do not mean to teach deception. They lack in discernment.

This is a time to take stock. Look inside your consciousness and see how much reason people have to believe in you. Perhaps you honestly try to be one of your word. Check up and decide whether you would respect another's honesty if it were just like yours.

Leaders of mission groups, insist on truthfulness among girls. Urge dependability. Encourage regularity in attendance and faithfulness to duty. Impress the great value of establishing yourself before others by your good word. Jesus said, "I am the truth." To be like Him, care must be taken as to your word.

Respect your word. It represents you.

February 27 Day of PRAYER for Missions.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The most interesting thing that we have to report concerning Egypt is the splendid report of the building committee that was responsible for the erection of the Community Center, at Fayoum. As far as our memory goes it is the first formal report we have ever had from a building committee in Egypt and we are greatly indebted to Rev. Dalton Galloway for going into such detail and giving us such interesting information. The report was also accompanied by pictures which will appear in the Magazine at Mrs. Moore's convenience. They were able to get a very good contract because the man that had erected the Foreign Board residence in Fayoum has his scaffolding and a good deal other material right on the ground.

Work on the building was commenced the middle of December, 1923 and was completed the first of September, 1924, allowing the school to open on the tenth of September following. Mr. Galloway gave up his vacation in order to superintend the work until the last moment. The building is all stone construction, bound on the corners, doors and windows by red brick. The stone is quarried in the Fayoum and is not as expensive as brick. It is all carefully fitted and the joints all neatly "cleaned and jointed." The floors, roofs, beams above the doors and windows are all made of reinforced concrete instead of wooden rafters or iron beams. The practicability of this reinforced concrete was very clearly demonstrated during the earthquake in Japan.

Our missionaries, the Misses McFarland and Wright were constantly consulted about the details, the building committee recognizing that they had to live in the building. It has an office and reception room, a chapel, and a primary room so arranged with folding doors that it can be made a part of the chapel all on the first floor. The Young ladies residence is immediatly above the chapel. The Bible Women's quarters are above the ladies' residence. It is a great help to have the Bible Women in comfortable quarters and under the same roof with the missionaries. They have a half hour of Bible Study and prayer together before they go out to their work.

Our building is direct in line with the Foreign Board residence and both buildings are sixty feet from the wall in front of them. The wall is built of stone and is more than six feet high.

Blackboards in the school are made of black cement plaster, which can be washed and is a very good substitute for the slate. In most of the rooms cupboards have been made in the walls, taking up no room, and being very convenient. Both the blackboards and the cupboards in the walls are absolutely new ideas to the people in Egypt.

Mr. Galloway says, "The Governor of the Province called on me one day last summer just as the building was nearing completion and was greatly pleased, not only with our splendid location, but the up-to-date ideas he found incorporated in the plan and construction of the building."

"The Fayoum City has neither a city water plant nor electric lights. For years we had to endure the pest of miserable oil lamps, and the water was either pumped to the top of the houses with hand pumps or carried from the dirty canals in goat skins. Wells are out of the question. An expensive water and light plant would have been beyond the appropriation from both Boards."

The Foreign Board property had a filter built on it and they secured an engine that could be started by the ladies, if necessary, being what is known as a "self starter." "Since it was necessary to have an engine to supply all the water of the compound for garden and everything, only a generator was needed to give us lighting also. The Lord directed us to the right solution of our difficult water and light problem. We found in Cairo a British firm that had a number of "Home Light and Power Units" made by the General Electric Company of America, for which they had little or no sale. The Units consisted of a little three horse power engine with a generator all combined in one and a thirty-two volt battery. This we got at a reduced price, engine, generator, battery and all for LE 140. We got a little centrifugal pump for LE 10, so the last thing that Mr. Walter Hart did was to install our little plant, arranging a system of pipes and valves so as to make one pump bring the dirty water from the canal into the filter or to the garden or by changing the valve to send clean water to the top of the residence and the Women's Board building. It has proved a splendid arrangement and we are very grateful to Mr. Hart."

"We have at last succeeded in having the Egyptian State Railroad build a level crossing across the tracks between the mission compound and the city. It was finished about the first of December. Three new streets are being made, leading towards the new property. One comes directly in front of the entrance to the property of the Women's Board. Land all around is selling rapidly for building lots. What we paid 12 Piastres per metre for is now selling for building lots at 110 and 115 Piastres per metre. In other words, our three acres of land which cost LE 1,500, is now worth LE 8,000 or more, should it be divided in to streets and lots."

"The first week in December we were busy night and day with a week of special evangelistic meetings and a Conference for workers in the new building. The morning conference for pastors, evangelists, Bible women, and teachers was held in the chapel of the Girls' School. Mr. Roy said, 'We have never had a better place to hold our conference for workers.' Mr. Acheson said, 'The New World Movement would have been certainly worth while had we received nothing more than this Faiyum Compound.' "

The total cost of the plant was LE 8, 884, or $44,420.00. This valuable piece of land and the building erected thereon never could have been purchased by our Board had it not been for the blessed New World Movement. We should be thankful for what has been accomplished by it and keep on praying that the Lord will help all who pledged a dollar to pay their pledges in His good time.

Mrs. Jeremiah Kruidenier, who lost her husband not long ago, is a patient in Columbia Hospital. She came over with her youngest son but felt that she needed medical attention before taking up work in the home land. We are glad to say that she is improving.

Rev. Mr. Petrie of Egypt, who was a patient, has gone home much improved in health.

As far as reported, the health of all our missionaries in Egypt is fair.

No particulars concerning Mr. Guthrie's illness have yet reached us from the Sudan.

Shortly after the assassination of the Sirdar of the Sudan in Egypt an order was sent that all Egyptian troops were to leave Khartum. Mutiny resulted, which British troops were called out to quell. Of course the inhabitants in Khartum and Khartum North were all in quite a panic, and a British officer came to our school and told our missionaries that they had better go to the palace where they would be safe until things quieted down. With great bravery and absolute trust in our heavenly Father, our missionaries refused to leave the school with their one hundred and thirty girls. Repeated visits were made and they were very strongly urged to accept the protection of the palace, but the reply was constantly, "No. We will stay with our family here. We know the Lord is able to protect and save." And He did.

Rev. W. D. Mercer has been elected General Secretary of our Mission in India, leaving Mr. Merriam free to attend to the finances, as Treasurer of the Mission. Our years of correspondence with Mr. Merriam have been most pleasant and satisfactory and we are glad we do not give him up absolutely, as we will still need to correspond about finances. We anticipate the same good fellowship with our friend, Mr. Mercer.

Let us be much in prayer for the devoted representatives of the Master, and ours, in that far away land, that their health and lives may be precious in His sight.

Work on the service wing, or the rear wing, of the George Memorial Hospital in Abyssinia is progressing. Mr and Mrs. West have been transferred to Sayo, very much to the regret of their associates in Addis Ababa. The health of our missionaries in that land is being safeguarded by the master whom they serve.

Pray for a blessing upon our entire Church, that it may be a great year of the reviving power of the Holy Spirit and that thousands may be brought into the Kingdom through faith in Jesus Christ.

Pray for the Boards that have to select and elect missionaries for work at home and abroad, that they may choose those whom the Lord has called out.

Pray for a blessing on the New World Movement so that the full amount pledged may be placed upon the altar of the Lord for His service.

We thank the Lord for safeguarding the Thank Offering, that it is more this year than the last.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary, 904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SUPPLIES FOR MISSION STUDY CLASSES, 1924-1925.

Foreign

Ming Kwong, The City of Morning Light, For Women's and Young Women's Missionary Societies. Price, cloth, 75c; paper 50c.

How to use "Ming Kwong." Price, 15c.

Chinese Lanterns: for Boys and Girls. Price, 50c.

How to Use "Chinese Lanterns." Price, 15c.

Chinese Home Cut Out—Contains layout of mission station and village and details of a typical Chinese House. Heavy paper, 50c.

Chinese Postcards in sets of eight, price 15c per set.

Picture Sheets:—

Chinese Boys and Girls; 25c.
Chinese Snapshots; 25c.

Home

Adventures in Brotherhood. For Women's and Young Women's Missionary Societies, Price cloth, 75c; paper, 50c.

Suggestions to Leaders of "Adventures in Brotherhood." price, 15c

Of One Blood. For mixed groups and those desiring a more intensive study of the race problems. Cloth, 75c; paper, 50c.

Suggestions to Leaders. "Of One Blood," Price, 15c

The Land of All Nations. For intermediates. Price, 50c.

Suggestions to Leaders of "The Land of All Nations." Price, 15c.

America, the Beautiful—A new home Mission Pageant. Price, 10c.

Better Americans, Number One Price, 75c.

Better Americans, Number Two. Price, 75c.

Playing Together Picture Stories.—A set of six large pamphlets containing a story to accompany each picture. Price 50c.

Picture Sheets:—

The Eskimos, 25c.
Negro Neighbors, 25c.
The Italians, 25c.
Orientals in the United States, 25c.

Standard Supplies.

Prayer Cycle, 10c each; $1.00 per dozen.
Women and Stewardship, 25c each.
Save America, 25c each.
The Land of Saddle-Bags, $1.50.

Junior Pins—35c each; $3.50 per dozen.
W. G. M. S. Pins—50c each.

New Leaflets.

Boisterous Waves, 3c.
"The Haystack Prayer Meeting," 3c each.
"Hans Egede." 4c each
"Captain Allen Gardiner," 2c each.
"Ion Keith-Falconer," 2c each.
"William Carey," 2c each.
"Adoniran Judson," 2c each.
"Robert Morrison," 2c each.
"Henry Martin," 2c each.
"John G. Patton," 2c each.
"Joseph Hardy Neesima," 2c each.
"Alexander Mackay." 2c each.
"Moffat and Livingstone," 2c each.
Is America Part of the Non-Christian World? 3c. each, 30c. per dozen.
Power of Prayer, 3c. each, 30c. per dozen.

Day of Prayer

The annual interdenominational Day of Prayer for Missions is called for Friday, February 27, 1925. The program "Even as Thou Wilt" is 2c. each, or $1.50 per dozen. Early orders are appreciated.

Prayer Cycles

Do not forget your own denominational Prayer Cycle, containing the names of the missionaries supported by our Church and their places of service. Order early in the year.

FRENCHBURG SCHOOL

THE CLINIC

A clinic has heretofore meant to me, a pit in a medical school; in the center a covered form, and by it a surgeon in white, and many men intently looking toward the white form and the surgeon. Henceforth a clinic will suggest to me a tiny valley surrounded by dark green trees in the September sun, a tiny white hospital in one corner of the little valley, the steps and porch of the little white building covered with men, women and children. and many people going and coming on foot and in automobiles. Such was what was to be seen on our campus when the clinic was held here September 26 and27. Again and again came to mind the words, "And the people thronged Him."

For several weeks Dr. Esther Mitchell and Rev. H. Ray Shear, our very efficient superintendent, had been preparing for this clinic. Bills announcing the clinic had been posted in schools and postoffices. Dr. Mitchell and the Rev. Ray Shear had visited schools and told the pupils of the clinic. Dr. Mitchell examined the children, and when a child had trouble with eye, ear, nose or throat it was told of the clinic and advised to attend it.

To do the work, Dr. DeWeisse, a noted surgeon in Kentucky who lives in Lexington, Dr. Wilson from the same place, and Dr. Knox and Dr. Henry, well known physicians in Mt. Sterling and vicinity, Miss McMahan a very efficient practical nurse from the latter place, and Miss Bowers, Dr. DeWeisse's surgical nurse all gave their services. Dr. Esther Mitchell was all things those days to doctors, nurses, assistants, anxious parents and suffering patients, and after the doctors were gone she carried all the responsibility.

The surgeon began operating about 8:30 Friday and Saturday mornings and he operated till about four in the afternoon. During that time he performed fifty-four operations on forty-seven patients. Some of the people, mostly children, had adenoids or tonsils removed, some had both removed, and their eyes treated for tracomah, they did not have their eyes taken out however, as one boy stated. One mother brought in four children Friday, two of them had two operations and two of them had all three operations. This poor mother stayed all Friday night but walked a mile and a half to her home Saturday forenoon as she said she had left unweaned twins at home. She returned in the afternoon.

Some of the patients were taken to the student dormitory, and some were kept in the hospital. Miss McMahan, the students, some of the parents and two of the teachers, Miss Benson and Miss Beatty helped care for the patients Friday and Saturday nights. Miss Hesseltine and Miss Chambers, at different times helped in writing down the names of the patients and other data. The other teachers helped some in the dormitory kitchen, as some of the student help had gone home. Mrs. W. P. Gordon, the wife of the principal is a trained nurse and helped all Friday. But Saturday morning her own little daughter had her tonsils removed, so she took care of her Saturday. Mrs. Gordon has helped with many operations in our hospital in the past, and when Dr. Mitchell is gone she is sometimes called upon to dress incisions after operations and to take care of ugly wounds. Like the wives of all missionaries, she is a great help in the work.

Such services as she and the other workers give, caused a man to say gratefully, as he started home with his little ones who had been operated on, "you are good people here."

For the operations ten dollars was charged, if the patient could pay. If he could not he was treated anyway. How much has been done, can never be told. Some would have become blind had they not been operated upon; some might have been unable to work later in life had their tonsils and adenoids not been removed.

Not only were people who came to our clinic benefited, but a few crippled children back in the mountains will be helped. For with the surgeon and doctors came Miss Linda Neville, manager of the Mountain Fund and a member of the Board of Charities and Correction in the State of Kentucky. Mr. Shear took her back into the mountains and found twelve crippled children but she took back with her only three of these.

Two of these children were brother and sister. The grandmother on one side, and the grandfather on the other side, both father and mother, and four brothers and sisters who had died were all cripples. Miss Neville will send the Children to a Children's Hospital in Louisville. There she has twelve beds at her disposal to be used for the benefit of crippled children. Here they are treated or operated on by specialists, and when necessary artificial limbs are fitted to them.

Because of the clinic, and Miss Neville's interest, one of our own girls will go to the Children's Hospital in Louisville. She has been with us for a number of years. Some years ago her leg became tubercular and it was amputated between the hip and knee. Since then she has gone on a crutch but in spite of that fact, she is good help in the kitchen, much better than some girls who had all four limbs. She feeds the fire, gathers in kindling in an emergency, fills pitchers and glasses and washes dishes. One of the doctors at the clinic examined her and thinks that another operation on the leg will be necessary. So she will go to Louisville to be operated on, and will stay till an artifical leg can be fitted to her. She was always so cheerful and happy, but after she learned she had to go to the hospital again, the color faded from her cheek and she lost her cheeriness for a time, but only a time. She is so ambitious to get through school, so it is a trial to her to be out of school for some months, in addition to the suffering and discomfort from the operation.

Now while the operations were going on at the hospital, Friday, just outside the campus and a short distance from the hospital, a little girl died. She had been sick about ten days with typhoid and spinal trouble. Our own pastor preached the funeral sermon Saturday afternoon immediately upon his return from a long trip into the Big Woods. Here he had got the crippled children who were spoken of before. He accompanied the sorrowing parents to the cemetery near Mariba, going over the same road he had just traveled with the crippled children.

But in spite of the strenuous days just preceeding, Mr. Shear preached two good sermons on Sabbath. In the evening service one man and two young men manifested unusual interest, and expressed a desire to become Christians.

So the work goes on here, healing the sick, comforting the mourning and leading the wandering to God.

Pray that our labors in every part of the field may be prospered, and that we may follow the leading of the Holy Spirit.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1924.

On Monday, Labor Day, the pupils, faculty, and many of the towns people gathered in the assembly hall of the school building for the first meeting of the school year. An orchestra composed of Miss Gladys Combs, Mr. Kiefer and Mr. Sidney Caudel led in the singing of several psalms, and played several special numbers.

The faculty sat in a dignified row facing the audience. After singing, and prayer, the Rev. H. Ray Shear, our very efficient superintendent in his usual genial way introduced the workers at Frenchburg, with a few short words about each I will introduce them to you.

Dr. Esther Mitchell is with us still, and glad indeed are we to have her on the force, for during the summer she was critically ill. While caring for a patient in the hospital who had an infected hand, her own became infected and she was in the hospital at Mt. Sterling ten days and not well for two months. Her middle finger will be permanently stiff, but that will in no way hinder her work of love among her patients in the mountains, and in the school.

Miss Verda Williams of Dalton, Ohio, will again have charge of the first and second grades. In addition to this work, she will teach the music in all the grades and the high school.

Miss Helen Chambers of New Castle, Penn., an experienced Junior High School Teacher will have in charge the third and fourth grades.

From Riverside, California, Miss Reba Thompson comes for the third time to be in the work in Frenchburg. She will teach the fifth grade and a part of the sixth.

The other part of the sixth grade and the seventh grade will be in charge of Miss Grace Hesseltine. She was one of the faculty last year. Her home is in Washington, Iowa.

Miss Olive Hunting for the third time will teach the eighth grade, except in agriculture, and will teach Bible and penmanship in the seventh grade.

Mr. Merle McDowell of Dalton, Ohio, who came to Frenchburg last spring will teach eighth grade agriculture in addition to taking care of the farm, the small dairy, the poultry and overseeing the work of the big boys on the farm.

Miss Mildred O. Benson of Portland, Oregon, will teach mathematics and general science in the High School. She has just come from the Bibical Seminary, New York City.

Miss Ruth Beatty, of Salem, New York, has been with Miss Benson in the Bibical Seminary for the past year. She will teach English and history in the High School.

Mrs. Margaret Ure of Pittsburgh, Pa., who has been teaching sewing in our school for the last two and a half years will be with us again. People who were at the Women's General Missionary Society Convention will perhaps remember the exquisite needlework, that she exhibited there which her pupils had done. She will teach sewing in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades. Owing to a change in the high school schedule she will not teach in that department.

Miss Bryant of Ingram, Penn., was introduced as matron at the dormitory but has since resigned because of ill health. Mrs. Rankin of Cambridge, Ohio has come to fill that very responsible position.

Mrs. Daisy Durban of Weiser, Ida., assistant matron will have charge of the kitchen, a position of great importance in this institution.

The Rev. W. P. Gordon who has been here for three years will teach Latin, Bible and agriculture in the High School, and will have general supervision of the educational department of the work here.

The above are some of the facts that the Rev. H. Shear gave as he introduced his co-workers. He then called on some of the Frenchburg School graduates for talks. Sidney Caudel a graduate of the University of Kentucky urged the pupils in the school to get an education. Dan Pieratt a merchant in the village here spoke about the fact that pupils this year had to pay for their text books now, but that perhaps next year we could again have the free text-book system. Bruce Trimble who is now a student in Berea, spoke on the subject, "Confidence In Ones Self."

After the various speeches, the pupils went to their rooms to get the list of supplies needed and the lesson assignments for the following day.

As the teachers were practically free for the afternoon, the business men of the town offered to take the members of the faculty to Ezel, where our new school has been started. About three o'clock Mr. Ponder, Mr. Williams and Mr. Dan Pieratt drove into the campus in their big cars. The automobiles were soon filled, and over the highway of which the Rev. H. Ray Shear wrote in his article in the June Missionary Magazine, we drove thirteen miles to our sister plant in Morgan County. The road is almost completed now except three bridges where we had to detour. It is a good road and we enjoyed the ever changing scenery as we rode around innumerable curves, and on the edge of cliffs and canyons.

At Ezel we were cordially greeted by the workers there, Mrs. Alter, Miss Lida Stevens and Miss Duff. We saw the fine new Church on the hill and the teachers large home, both of which will soon be completed.

On our return trip, we came to a bit of road not completed and had to get out. While we waited for the machine to come for us, one of the men working on the road told us we were standing over two boxes of dynamite. We went on a little farther to wait for our car.

Aside from one machine becoming stuck in a soft spot in the road, where a detour was made, we had a delightful trip, thanks to the Frenchburg citizens.

Now as the year opens before us we almost shrink from some of the problems, and from the great amount of work that lies before us. But the lure of the unknown, the romance of the work and the knowledge that here and here only is our place of service leads us on. Pray that we may do our work in a gracious way, and that we may be known as servants of the Master full of loving kindness.

OLIVE HUNTING.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS.

Athens, Tenn.—Rev. C. H. Wilson.

Riceville—Miss Hattie E. McKeldin, Principal, Riceville, Tenn.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Rev. J. Kelly Giffen.

***Camden, Ala.—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala.**

***Canton Bend, Ala.—Rev. J. N. Cotton, Camden, Wilcox County, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.**

***Miller's Ferry, Ala.—Rev. C. S. Simpson, Camden, Ala., Mark "For Miller's Ferry."**

***Prairie, Ala.—J. W. E. Wade, Postoffice address, Prairie, Ala.; shipping point, Cathrine, Ala.**

***Annie Manie, Ala.—Rev. R. P. Williams, Postoffice address, Annie Manie, Ala.; shipping point, Arlington, Ala.**

***Bluestone, Va.—Mr. John A. Bouldin, Jeffress, Va. *Mark "For Bluestone Mission."**

***Chase City, Va.—Rev. F. W. Wilson.**

***Henderson, Vance Co., N. C. Rev. John A. Cotton, D. D.**

***Townsville, N. C.—Prof. W. E. Williams.**

This directory is correct, up-to-date, and will carry clothing safely, if correctly followed. Please remember to prepay freight and then write to the principal of the mission at the time of sending and enclose receipted bill of lading.

***Donations of clothing needed. New material and Christmas boxes may be sent to any of the stations. Always put name of society and place inside of box or barrel so that it may be identified and acknowledged.**

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Rev. R. G. Smith, ...**Tama, Iowa**
Rev. R. H. Barr, ...**Warm Spring, Ore.**

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Miss Irene Mechlin, (Allen's) 7713 Hamilton Ave., ... **Pittsburgh, Pa.**
Miss Grace Welch, (Allen's) ....**Langloth, Pa.**
Miss Romain Russell, (Allen's) ....**Hickory, Pa.**
Mrs. Grazia Balducci, 1311 Herkimer St., ... **Brooklyn, N. Y.**
Miss Dorothy Donaldson, (Allen's) 41 Cortland .... **Place,, Grantwood, N. J.**
Miss Ella Montgomery, 200 N. Benton St., Mansfield, Ohio.
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Miss Ruth Elta Findley, 115 W. Main St., ... **Weiser, Idaho**
Miss Laura Sawhill, N. 1111 Magnolia St., ... **Spokane, Wash.**
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Mrs. Ada M. Tracey, 2419 Langdale, Ave., ... **Eagle Rock, Cal.**
Miss Irma G. Allen, 122 S. Grevilla Ave., ... **Inglewood, Cal.**
Mr. E. C. Little, 1925-5th Ave ......**Los Angeles, Cal.**

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Rev. and Mrs. H. Ray Shear ....**Frenchburg, Ky.**
Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Gorden ....**Frenchburg, Ky.**
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Prof and Mrs. Merle McDowell .....**Frenchburg, Ky.**
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Miss Elizabeth Duff, ...**Ezel, Ky.**
Miss Ruth Bemis ....**Ezel, Ky.**
Miss Leda Stephens, ...**Ezel, Ky.**
Miss Mabel Jones, ...**Ezel, Ky.**
Mrs. J. C. Alter, Supt., ...**Ezel, Ky.**

BIBLE READINGS FOR WOMEN'S AND YOUNG WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND MISSION CIRCLES.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS 351—375

351 1 Kings 12 27
352 Gen. 49:9, 17:~~24~~, 14, 21
353 Dan. 6
354 2 Sam. 20:9, 10
355 1 Sam. 18:27
356 Josh. 14:11—15
357 Hos. 13:14
358 2 Sam. 16:1-4; 19:24-30
359 2 Kings 12
360 Jer. 36
361 2 Sam. 15:1; 1 Kings 1:5
362 Jer. 35
363 Num. 13
364 Judg. 16:30
365 1 Kings 6:7
366 2 Sam. 18:17, 18
367 2 Sam. 24
368 Num. 16
369 2 Sam. 14:2-20
370 2 Sam. 17:1-4, 23; 18:6-15
371 Jer. 32
372 1 Kings 2:5-9
373 Job 2:4
374 2 Sam. 15:30; Dan. 4; 1 Sam. 9:1-10; 1 Sam. 16:11-13 1 Kings 11:26; 1 Kings 12:20
375 2 Sam. 14:29-32

QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY

376 When did fire and ice persuade a man to do his duty?

377 What Gentile king was directed to build a Jewish temple?

378 Who were converted by a storm?

379 What king was slain by his servants, and what king by his sons?

380 What king had dealings with a wizard?

381 What nation was harmed by an east wind and helped by a west wind?

382 Whose houses only were lighted in the midst of a great darkness?

383 What tyrant kept seventy mutilated kings under his table and what happened to him?

384 What unbelievers were converted by the smallest and most disagreeable family of insects?

385 What good and what bad king both began their reigns when they were eight years old?

386 What pledge, under Jewish law, could not be kept after sundown?

387 What terrible cry was heard in the night and what dreadful voice sounded from the dark?

388 What could not be built out of hewn stone nor with steps, under Jewish law?

389 Who marched with troughs on their back?

390 What dying man gave his clothes to his son on a mountain top and why?

391 What man slew himself in order to slay his enemies; what man because his of pride was wounded; and what man in order to avoid capture?

392 When was bad water made fit to drink by a tree and when by salt?

393 What queen was slain at the entrance of a king's house and what queen under the window of a palace?

394 In what nation was there no blacksmith?

395 Who found a lost book, who rent his clothes when he read it and who followed its instructions?

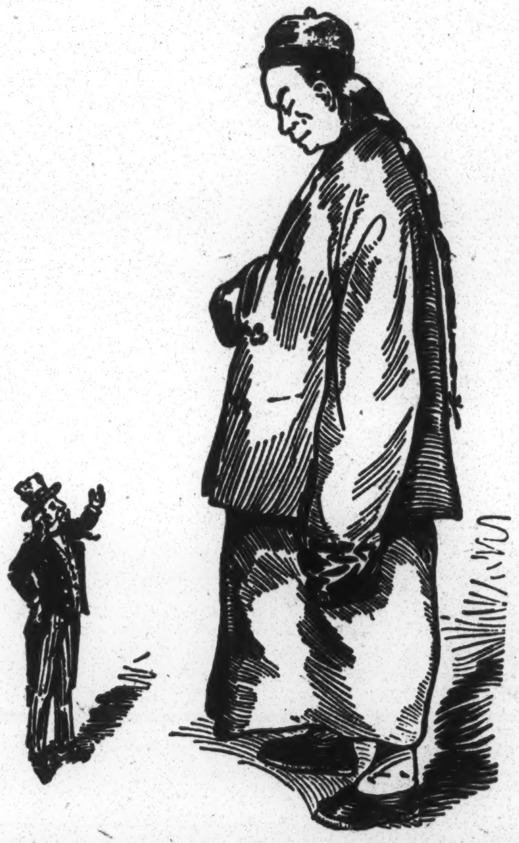
396 What two men are mentioned in the Old Testament who fasted forty days and forty nights?

397 Who made an idol out of earrings?

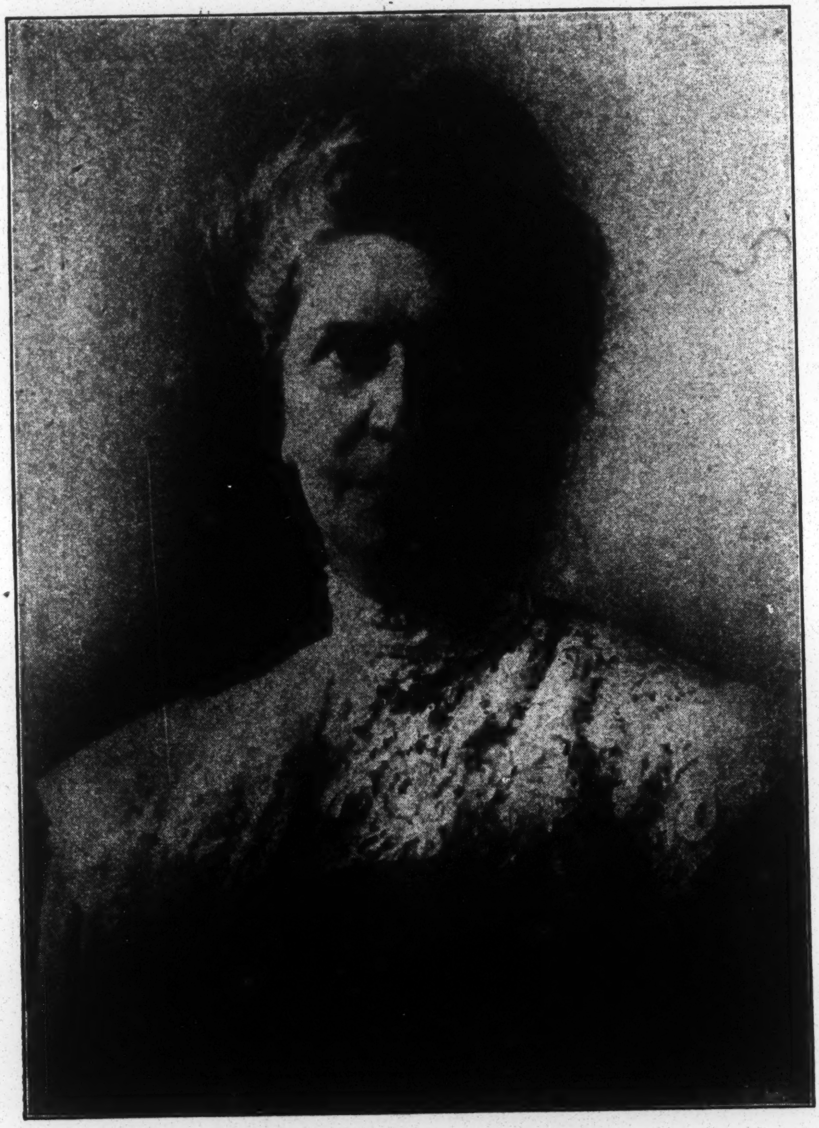
398 What men saved their lives by washing?

399 What discouraged man was fed by an angel?

400 What man had to go veiled and why?



COMPARATIVE SIZE OF THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA ACCORDING TO THE MISSIONARY SURVEY.



MRS. HENRY W. PEABODY

Chairman of the Central Committee of the United Foreign Missions
For twenty-five years.